

THE AMERICAN

# LEGION

MAGAZINE



**23<sup>d</sup> NATIONAL CONVENTION**  
MILWAUKEE • SEPTEMBER 15-18

APRIL  
1941



# "Aunt Martha's little girl has come to live with us!"



She came with an ache in her heart . . . and bewilderment in her big brown eyes.

"Why have you come to live in our house?" they asked her. "Why don't you live with your Mummy?"



How could she answer the questions her cousins asked with the innocent cruelty of children? What could she do but clutch her doll a little tighter . . .

Things had changed so since her Daddy went away to the hospital . . . and never came back. Suddenly there was no money for the things that little girls need. The pleasant white house on Elm Street was gone. And there was no place for a little girl in the single room her Mummy lived in now.

So she came to live in her Auntie's house . . . with bewilderment in her eyes . . . and an ache in her heart that will never quite go away.



In 1875, a little group of men set out to do their part in preventing tragedies like this. They founded The Prudential Friendly Society . . . with the purpose of bringing life insurance within the reach of everyone.

Today, through its 23,000 friendly agents, The Prudential has brought the blessing of life insurance to millions of American homes.

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## The Prudential

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INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF AMERICA



# 16 times Right

*Beginning with 1926, year after year the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, with The American Legion Auxiliary as its most numerous group, has demanded that our national defense be made adequate to any conditions. Developments since last May have shown how right were these straight-thinking realists and how utterly wrong those who branded them as mere flag-wavers*

By HAROLD D. ROBINSON



National Commander Warner of the Legion and President Walter D. Fuller of the National Association of Manufacturers grasp hands as Mrs. Louis J. Lemstra, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, greets them at the Sixteenth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense

**S**TEEL of the spirit to match the steel of the guns.

That is what America must have to make its defenses invincible. Without this, all the mighty munitions our factories can pour out, all of the fighting skill drilled into our men will be meaningless.

This steel must be forged in the home fires of America. Its tempering to a flawless strength that will stand up against the worst a mad world can give must be guided by the women of America.

Again and again the speakers at the Sixteenth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, held in Washington, D. C., during the last days of January, emphasized this theme. Delegates from thirty-four women's organizations, with a combined membership of well over one million and led by The American Legion Auxiliary, heard them drive home this point.

"Morale," they called it—the thing which makes a soldier keep on shooting instead of throwing up his hands and howling "Comrade."

"Civilian Morale," they termed it—the thing which keeps a country going and grinning when bombs are screaming down and every day is darker than the one before.

The women at that conference listened tensely and applauded vigorously, expressing their determination to help America be strong enough to maintain its freedom and security, whatever may happen. They have been talking that kind of language since 1926, when the annual Patriotic Conference came into being, and they have been dead right. Through the years the pinks have branded them as mere flag-wavers, but developments since

September, 1939, have shown how right were these devoted women and how utterly wrong those who condemned them.

The conference delegates came from every part of the country, and numbered nearly 800. Among them were 290 members of The American Legion Auxiliary, including representatives from every Department. Presiding was the Auxiliary's National President, Mrs. Louis J. Lemstra, and by her side as vice-chairmen were the National Presidents of the United Spanish War Veterans Auxiliary, the Woman's Relief Corps, the American Gold Star Mothers, the American War Mothers and the Auxiliary to the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

After they had visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, escorted by the Legion's Guard of Honor, and pledged themselves anew to service of the country for which he died, they opened the conference with a patriotic mass meeting. Legion National Commander Milo J. Warner, about to take off for his flight to war-blasted England, was the first speaker.

"We have indicated our belief in the

necessity to awaken a crusading spirit for the purpose of national defense preparedness," Commander Warner told the crowded ballroom of the Mayflower hotel. "America grew to greatness through toil and personal sacrifice. There is need to rekindle the spirit of sacrifice of the covered wagon days to meet the needs of this hour in history.

"Valley Forge and Gettysburg and Château-Thierry come back to our minds to indicate that many times in the past our sacrifices have been made individually in the preservation of our nation. The time is present when each of us, whatever the station we occupy in life, must be ready and willing to make whatever individual sacrifices are necessary to prepare our country materially, physically and morally for future events."

When the National Commander had finished speaking for the war veterans of America, Walter D. Fuller, who is President of the National Association of Manufacturers, spoke for American industry.

"Let me tell (Continued on page 40)



National Distillers Products Corporation  
New York

# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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### The Message Center

**I**CEBOATING, said Julius Fanta in the February number of this indispensable family journal, is the king of winter sports. Judging from the response to his story, "Faster Than The Wind," there are a multitude of sports-loving Legionnaires who agree with him. But there was a little slip that calls for correction—that King of Iceboating, O. Lyman Dwight of Milwaukee, who comes in for good mention as the designer and navigator of the wind-splitting *Marcia I and II*, is not only a member of

### Important

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 65.

Alonzo Cudworth Post of Milwaukee, but is now serving that Number One outfit as its Commander. In that office, Commander Dwight will be one of the hosts in his home city next September to the 23d National Convention.

**L**EGIONNAIRE SHUMAKER, who wrote the article *No "New Order" in Our Schools*, was Superintendent of (Continued on page 62)

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

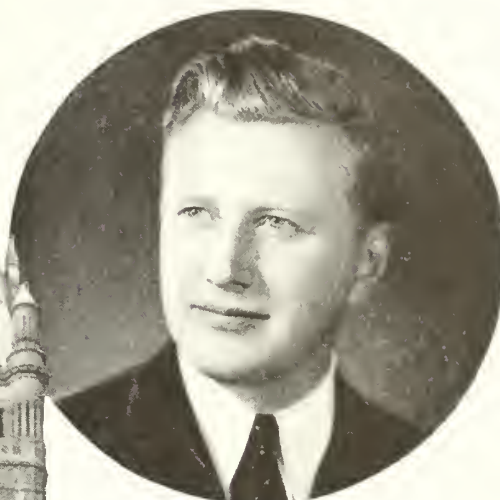


THERE was no doubt last year in Boston that Milwaukee wanted you men and women of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary to come to our city for your 1941 conventions. The enthusiastic demonstrations by Wisconsin bands, drum and bugle corps, carolers . . . the sincere pledges and statements by our civic representatives at that historic Boston convention are all well remembered.

The privilege of officially presenting Milwaukee's invitation was mine. I was deeply honored in being allowed this appearance. The gracious and overwhelming acceptance of our invitation has only increased every pledge, every statement that Milwaukee will give to The American Legion a convention they will remember for a long, long time. As you know, the dates are September 15th through the 18th.

"It's Milwaukee in 1941" has become

By **CARL F. ZEIDLER**  
Mayor of Milwaukee



# *It's* MILWAUKEE *in September*

a by-word in this city. Never before have the citizens of Milwaukee become so alert and anxious for the task of entertaining the greatest convention-holding organization in existence. Even though we in Milwaukee have become accustomed to receiving convention visitors and sending them on their way happy, the Legion's coming has added inspiration to the job of being a friendly and hospitable host.

Milwaukee is the most civic minded city in America. Thirty-nine nationalities are represented here, molded together in a true picture of working democracy. In these times as never before it is fitting that Milwaukee, so truly an American city, should be the 1941 gathering place for The American Legion and for advancing its program for a unified America.

As the Mayor of Milwaukee, let me again urge you to come to Milwaukee to celebrate the 23d anniversary of The American Legion as a nation-wide organization of World War veterans. Bring your family and friends; make this trip to Milwaukee and Wisconsin in September a never-to-be-forgotten vacation event.

Come and enjoy the natural beauties of our city located on the shores of beautiful Lake Michigan. The Milwaukee Harbor has many times been compared with the Bay of Naples. Its location is further enhanced by the confluence at the bay of three rivers—Milwaukee, Kinnickinnic and Menomonee—that meander throughout the city. The advantages of this location for a city and natural



## His Honor and His City Hall

meeting place were apparent to the Indian braves of many tribes before the arrival of white settlers.

The name Milwaukee is an adaptation of the Indian combination Man-au-wauk-seps, meaning "good and beautiful lands." Its first recorded interpretation is given as "Milioke" in the Jesuit Relations recorded in Montreal by Father Marquette after he had explored the Mississippi with Louis Joliet in 1673.

The same spirit of friendliness and hospitality that existed in pioneering days is common today among Milwaukeeans. Today there are no signal fires kindled by the bronzed figures who

were Milwaukee's first residents, but in place of the tepees and wigwams are thousands of smokestacks of industry and many buildings towering into the sky with flags unfurled—symbolizing a great city with a great spirit.

Milwaukee is the metropolis of Wisconsin and the thirteenth most populous city in the United States. It is probably fair to say that Milwaukee has a greater diversification of industry than any city in America.

You may be surprised to know: That Milwaukee employs more persons in the manufacture of automotive parts and accessories than any city in the United States with the exception of Detroit.

That despite the importance of Chicago as a packing center Milwaukee packs more veal than any city in the nation.

That while Milwaukee does not make a ton of steel it consumes more steel than any industrial area in the country, including Pittsburgh.

That Milwaukee leads the world in the manufacture of a great variety of products ranging from silk hosiery to steam shovels and including motorcycles, large gas engines, heavy pumping machinery, automobile frames, dredges, outboard motors, electrical control apparatus and steel wheelbarrows.

That the beer industry with an estimated annual volume of 4,250,000 barrels is expanding within the city and perhaps we shall soon lead the world in that industry. (*Continued on page 38*)



# No car has ever carried the Ford idea quite so far

THE FORD BUSINESS started as a man and an idea. Today, on River Rouge, thousands of well-paid Ford workers wield the tools and vast resources of one of the greatest of all industrial plants. Here we build cars in what is known as "the Ford way."

It is a way of great efficiency, in a plant so complete that raw ore may find itself a precision-finished fine steel part in a new Ford car in as little time as 28 hours from start to finish! And

the economies we make along the way are passed along to you who buy our cars.

It is a way of quality, producing many *extra*-fine materials which are built into your Ford car at no extra cost to you.

It is a way in which we take one small profit on each car, so that more of the price you pay goes into the *car* you drive.

At your Ford dealer's now is a car

that shows the benefits to you of this Ford way as no car we've ever made before has done. It is the product of our 39th car-building year. Behind it are over 28 million Ford cars.

Its size, comfort, quietness, beauty and driving ease surpass anything *we* have done before. How it compares with what others do, we leave to your own judgment.

We know that we have built it to stand out, and its owners tell us that it does.



## Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

**NEW ROOMINESS.** Bodies of the big 1941 Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

**SOFT, QUIET RIDE.** A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs and improved shock absorbers.

**GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY.** This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

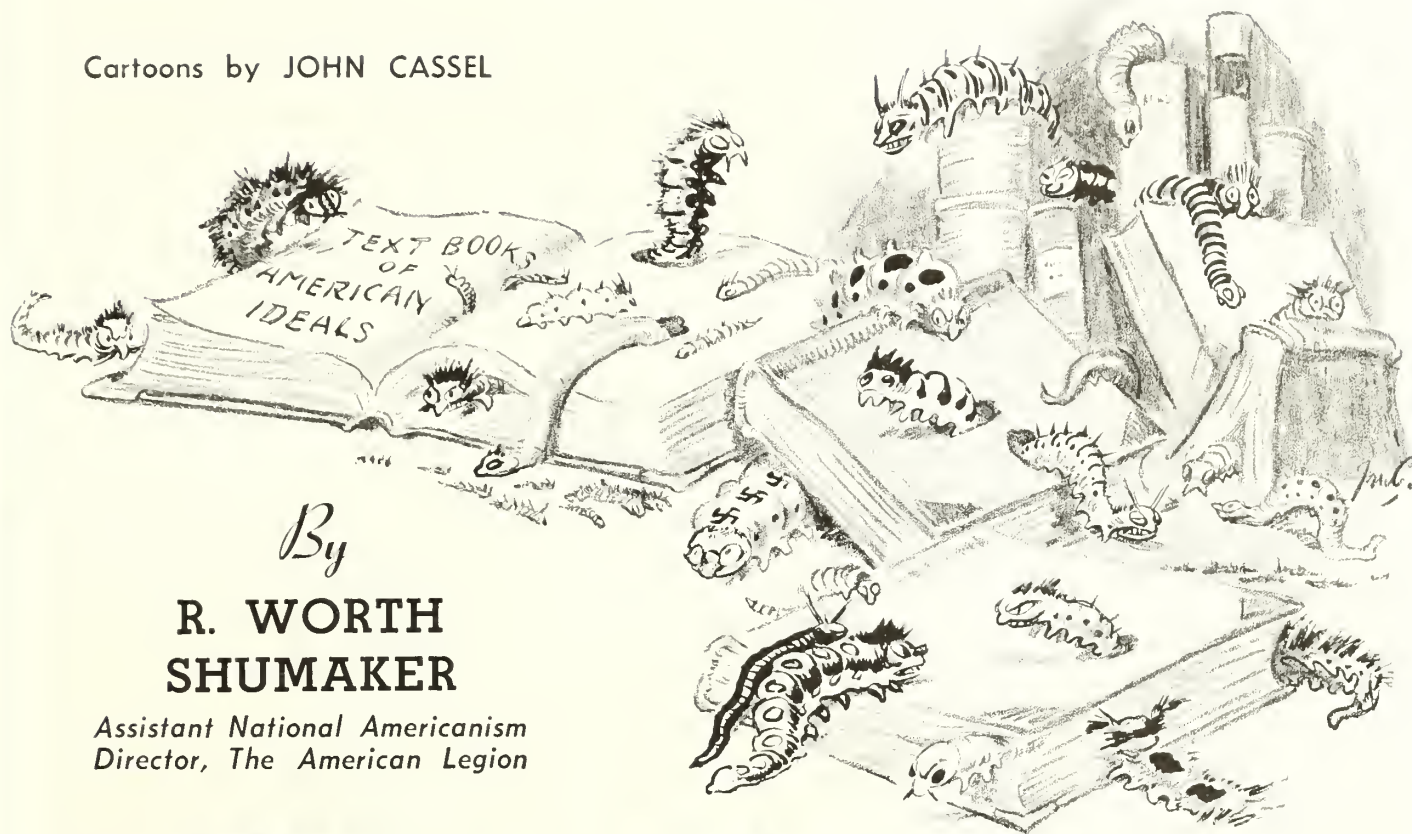
**BIG WINDOWS.** Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

**LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES** in the Ford price field. 12-inch drums. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

**GET THE FACTS AND  
YOU'LL GET A FORD!**







By  
**R. WORTH  
SHUMAKER**

*Assistant National Americanism  
Director, The American Legion*

# NO "New Order"

The philosophy of Counts and Rugg encourages the totalitarian borers-from-within who would destroy our democracy

## FOR OUR SCHOOLS

**I**N 1940 picturesque Brenner Pass became the rendezvous of Hitler and Mussolini for planning a contemplated "blackout" of democracy throughout the world.

In contrast to the Hitler-Mussolini two-man meeting under the protection of steel and armed guard, and the unholy alliance of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, America keeps her house in order through the democratic process of education in which the voices of all the people are heard.

More than a million members of The American Legion, home guards of constitutional democracy, have a common interest in fostering the improvement of education and the perpetuation of the American way of life. Members of The American Legion are alert to any chal-

lenge to the democratic ideals and sacred traditions which have made America the greatest country in the world.

A great responsibility rests on the American parent in safeguarding that charter of freedom which, since the days of Washington and Jefferson, has been perpetuated through an effective program of education. Each parent is charged with the sacred obligation of actively supporting and defending the *first line of defense in America—our great public school system.*

The defense forces of our nation are no stronger, and never will be, than the morale of those enlisted as defenders of the nation. The public school teacher stands sentinel over a sacred legacy. The objectives of that fine, loyal corps of

teachers who have carried the democratic processes of education forward, are truly American. They have trained Young America in those ideals and aspirations true to the American tradition.

In general, the builders of curricula, the writers of textbooks, and the classroom teachers, have performed their tasks most creditably. The National Education Association, state associations, accrediting agencies, administration groups, and many other education organizations have collaborated in building a great educational system which is the pride of the nation.

Thus, the *first line of defense of America* has held firmly to the straight course. Thus, *constitutional democracy* has existed through the years and the ills of

The "Frontier Thinkers" want every detail of our lives planned out for us. As Mr. Shumaker points out, that's a "new order" that has never operated successfully anywhere, though Berlin, Moscow and Rome are trying it. As for us, we believe with Jefferson that government ought to keep men from injuring one another, but "otherwise leave them free to regulate their own pursuits. . . ."



the nation have always been solved through the educative process. The old Ship of State may have sprung a few leaks but there has been no scuttling of any part of our great heritage—the leaks have always been closed up and the ship continues seaworthy.

The year of 1941 marks an epoch when schools should stress education for democracy, patriotism and national defense—**MAKING AMERICA STRONG.**

In any discussion of school textbooks

## SCHOOL HEADS PLAN PRESSURE ON ROOSEVELT

**Educators Would Force Move  
for Radical Changes in  
Economic System**

By OMAR RANNEY

Within the next three months progressive educators of the country will attempt to force more radical changes in the economic system by organizing 14,000,000 people or more into a closely-knit pressure group.

This was announced today by Dr. Harold Rugg of Teachers' College, Columbia University, one of the leaders in the "left wing" movement among educators, at a group meeting of the Progressive Education Association convention in Hotel Cleveland.

Dr. Rugg revealed that funds to carry on the program will be forthcoming "in perhaps three or four weeks." He declined to divulge the source of the financial assistance. He said, however, "we probably will get about \$50,000 a year for three years."

The program, which Dr. Rugg believes will reach groups of people throughout the entire country, is the result of a conviction by him and other progressive educators, principally Dr. George S. Counts and Dr. Goodwin Watson of Teachers' College, that more radical and fundamental changes in the economic and social structure must be made.

The plan he outlined before the group meeting includes the setting up of a central planning agency, probably in New York City, which will tie together thousands of groups of citizens desirous of seeing a definite left wing movement on the part of the administration.

"The president," said Dr. Rugg, "will go just as far to the left as we push him."

Dr. Rugg's announcement of the program was met by

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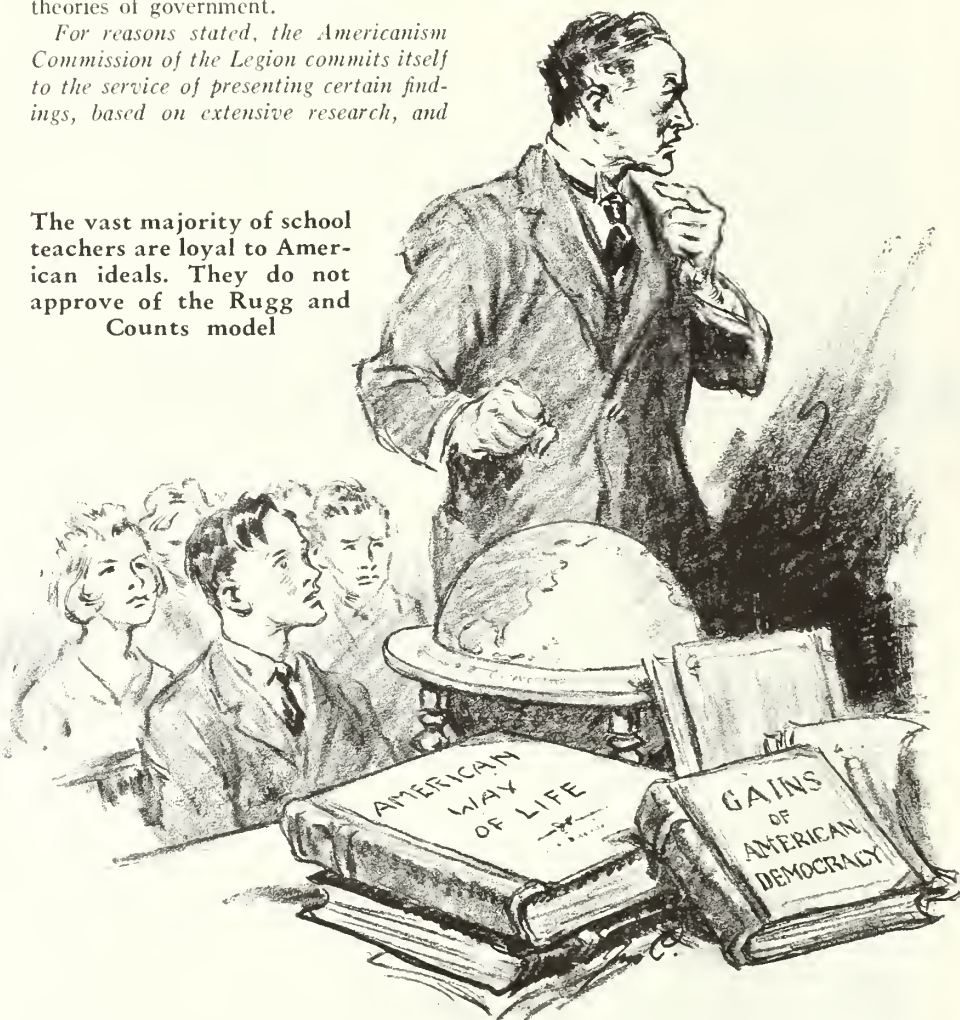
Rugg in 1934 was planning to spend \$150,000 to put over his idea of pushing education "far to the left." This excerpt is from the Cleveland Press.

the background of the author, the accompanying teacher's guides, related materials used by both pupils and teachers, and the method of context presentation, are significant factors in the fashioning of the plastic minds of immature pupils. Inasmuch as the direction of the process of learning is by the teacher instead of the textbook, the interpretation of subject matter is vitally important.

The American Legion has accepted the grave responsibility mandated to it by public opinion in surveying the textbook situation to see that the schools of America shall not be used as an instrument of propaganda aimed at the destruction of our democratic, constitutional ideals. It is aware of the danger of subtle methods which may pervert the thinking of American boys and girls to un-American objectives in belief or support of alien theories of government.

*For reasons stated, the Americanism Commission of the Legion commits itself to the service of presenting certain findings, based on extensive research, and*

**The vast majority of school teachers are loyal to American ideals. They do not approve of the Rugg and Counts model**



analysis, on the current "textbook" situation.

In the Social Studies, geography, history, civics and other related studies are integrated or fused into one course in the school program for the purpose of offering boys and girls realistic experiences and creating life-like situations.

Many schools follow the traditional method of presenting separate courses in history, geography and civics. Some professional leaders are skeptical of using Social Science courses because the teach-

ing of history and geography may easily be neglected.

But in recent years an attempt has been made by a group of persons calling themselves "Frontier Thinkers" to capture control of American education in the interests of building in this country a social, economic and industrial system which has never operated successfully anywhere in the world.

Some of the more prominent members of this group hold or have held important positions in Teachers' College, Columbia University, in New York City. They are John Dewey, George S. Counts, Charles A. Beard, William H. Kilpatrick, Harold O. Rugg and Jesse H. Newlon. Here we shall deal with the work of but two of these men, Professors Counts and Rugg, because we are concerned particularly with the type of education offered

our sons and daughters in the grammar and high school grades. Here it should be stated that Teachers' College has long been a mecca for graduate students seeking to enlarge their educational horizon and win advanced degrees in education. It is a great institution and in spite of the "Frontier Thinkers" is doing fine work.

We charge that these men, Counts and Rugg, through their publications, some of them used as textbooks and others being made available to pupils in school refer-



ence libraries, are attempting to build a new social order of a collectivist type which strongly suggests that of Soviet Russia, with emphasis on "accelerating change" (we define that as an attempt to bring in a hurry a type of civilization which Counts or Rugg guesses we are inevitably to have, say twenty years from now, and which we might as well get much sooner.)

Our charges are based on such premises as their attacks on American loyalties

on the present social order. His aim is to win teachers to his theories and leave it to them to inculcate these ideas in the minds and hearts of their pupils.

Dr. Counts states his aims in plain words in *Dare The School Build A New Social Order?* which was published in

the opportunity which the fates have placed in their hands. (P. 54)

Dr. Counts is the author of *The Soviet Challenge to America*, and it was he who translated the *New Russia's Primer* into the English language. This translation found its way to the reference shelves of our public schools. The American Legion called the attention of school men to the fact that this translation of the *New Russia's Primer* inevitably constituted alien propaganda. As a result of the Legion's being on the alert this propaganda publication was removed from a number of reference shelves.

Dr. Counts has served as president of the Progressive Education Association, president of the Teachers Union, editor of *The Social Frontier*, Director of Research for the Committee on Social Studies, and in 1926 was a member of a committee for labor which went to Russia to study conditions there.

Dr. Counts was a member of the National Executive Committee of the Communist-organized and controlled American League against War and Fascism, later known as the American League for Peace and Democracy. He was a member of the Advisory Committee of the Communist-front American Student Union.

An advertisement in the *Connecticut Teacher*, February, 1935, for the Educational Dept., Intourist, Inc., for the purpose of securing registration for Moscow Summer School, includes the names of "Profs. George S. Counts and Heber Harper, Teachers' College, Columbia Uni- (Cont. on p. 43)



and allegiances, the indoctrination of youth against traditional ideals and institutions (Dr. Rugg, as we shall see, wishes to abolish intercollegiate sports competition, since in his view it has "no educational value whatever"), lack of emphasis on true American life and too great emphasis on the unfavorable aspects, failure to give due acknowledgment to the deeds of our great American heroes, questioning private ownership, too favorable emphasis on what has been done in the Soviet Union, the creation of doubt in the minds of pupils and teachers as to the ability of our democracy to function successfully, the dissemination of alien propaganda, statements that the United States Supreme Court favors vested interests.

DR. COUNTS is one of the most articulate of the "Frontier Thinkers." He is an ardent advocate of teachers becoming the spearhead of the attack

1932. Speaking of the existing school, he says:

Almost everywhere it is in the grip of conservative forces and is serving the cause of perpetuating ideas and institutions suited to an age that is gone. (P. 5)

That the teachers should deliberately reach for power and then make the most of their conquest is my firm conviction. (P. 28)

In reference to democracy, Dr. Counts writes:

Democracy of course should not be identified with political forms and functions—with the federal constitution, the popular election of officials, or the practice of universal suffrage. (P. 40)

Finally, Dr. Counts advises the teachers of the nation:

The times are literally crying for a new vision of American destiny. The teaching profession, or at least its progressive elements, should eagerly grasp

## MOSCOW SUMMER SCHOOL

OPENS REGISTRATION  
FOR 500 STUDENTS

Last year students and graduates of 60 universities in 20 States and 4 foreign countries enrolled in the Anglo-American Section of Moscow University 1935 registration now open to limited number Summer session July 16 — August 25, includes approximately 4 weeks resident study in Moscow and 2 weeks field travel through U.S.S.R. Courses deal with education, art, economics, literature, social sciences and Russian. Instruction in English language by prominent Soviet professors. American advisors: Profs. George S. Counts and Heber Harper, Teachers College, Columbia University. Write for booklet CE-2 to:

EDUCATIONAL DEPT  
INTOURIST, Inc  
545 Fifth Ave. New York

In 1935 Dr. Counts was interested in sending students to Moscow



# Many Eggs, Many

Decentralization of munitions plants and other defense industries has been a telling factor in England's magnificent defense against Germany's assault from the air. We're using that technique in our expanding national defense, a modern application of the old adage not to put all your eggs in one basket

**I**F THE final battle of the Napoleonic Wars was won on the cricket fields of Eton—as Wellington is supposed to have remarked—the outcome of the present conflict may be determined in dingy and forgotten factories of the United States. If worst comes to worst, it may be fought to a finish in the abandoned machine shops, the “ghost town” plants, the garages, the cellars and barns of the American countryside. In modernized warfare the mechanics and their tools match the doughboys with their rifles as the key unit of the fighting machine. It's a war between men in overalls.

Washington has taken cognizance of this revolution in numerous and novel ways. Under the auspices of the National Defense Commission, it has inaugurated an intensive program of farming out—or subletting—Army-Navy contracts to the “little fellows.” In England this method is known as “the bits and pieces” system. A special Knudsen-Hillman agency has been established to exhume and classify and mobilize every usable lathe

By  
**RAY TUCKER**



A drill press like this could be housed in a farm building like that at the left instead of being part of an elaborate machine shop system in the usual peacetime tradition



country benefit from “war prosperity,” the underlying idea is to locate industries essential to rearmament in areas safe from possible bombing by an invader. It is also designed to minimize sabotage by placing plants in country communities where a spy or saboteur would be easily spotted. In general, the theory is to build new war-producing units between the Allegheny and Rocky Mountains.

Still a third agency—on specific order

*The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine*



# Baskets



This steel mill would make a perfect target for bombers. Many of its processes could be taken care of in small, well separated shops

of President Roosevelt—is engaged in the work of furnishing farms and small communities with electricity and electrical facilities that can be converted to military manufacture, if necessary. The Rural Electrification Administration, closely copying the methods which enabled Hitler to rearm Germany so speedily and secretly, has undertaken a program by which empty barns and sheds and even cottages covered by rambler roses may be transformed into centers of production.

There are numerous reasons why the slogan of “Keep the home lathes turning” has supplanted the nostalgic refrain of “Keep the home fires burning.” The first is the contrast between our 1941 and 1917 industrial preparedness. In World War I the United States had served as the “arsenal of democracy” for three years before we entered the conflict. Our production plant had been geared to rearmament requirements, and needed only to be stepped up to supply the A. E. F. But Hitler’s lightning conquest of Europe gave hardly any warning of the magnitude of the crisis, and

therefore, scant time to prepare. Moreover, the progressive mechanization of warfare has emphasized the cruel necessity for tooling up our lives—mayhap our homes.

Europe’s unexpected collapse also forced a faster tempo. In 1917 the Allies were holding the line. Their heroic resistance provided time for the extra preparation our entry necessitated, but even then, the lessons of Chemin des Dames and Château-Thierry demonstrated that the “Yanks” moved into the front line not a moment too soon. This time it is a question whether Yankee weapons will arrive soon enough to save lonely, beleaguered Britain.

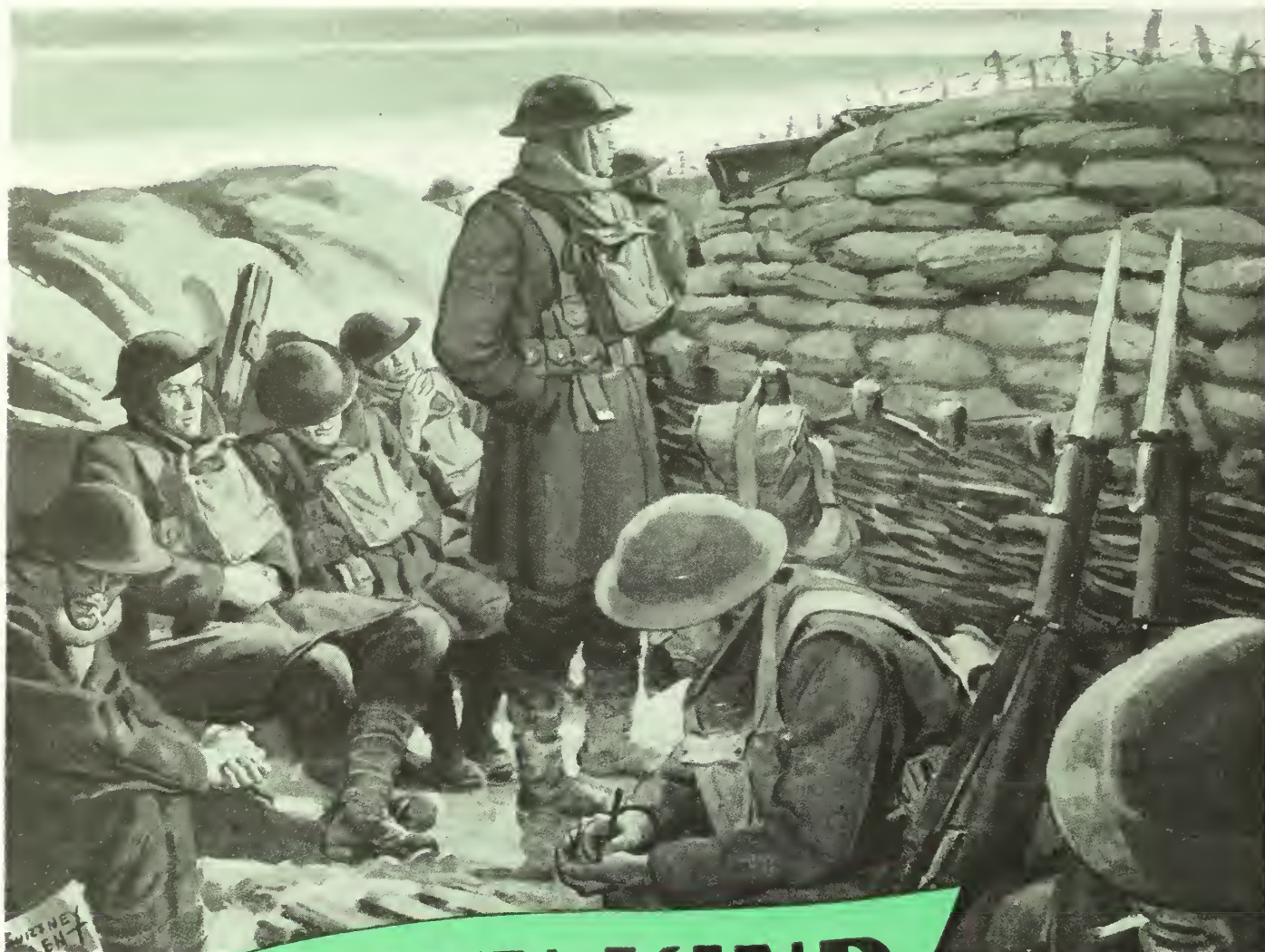
There is, too, the desire to escape the tragic experiences which crushed the American people—and the returning veterans—after the World War. When the need for war production ended on the glorious morning of November 11, 1918, millions of workers who had thronged to congested industrial centers got their red slips. They and their families suffered cruelly. Communities which had thrived under the “war boom” became “ghost

towns.” They were casualties of the war as surely as any soldier who sleeps in Arlington Cemetery. Nationally, our social and economic system was thrown out of joint. The aftermath was the 1920-1923 slump and the more severe depression which began in 1929.

Thus the present movement to decentralize and distribute our war-making activities—to spread present profits and to prevent a sad sequel—and to speed up national defense—represents an attempt to rearm in a sane and orderly manner. It has its sociological as well as its military values.

Although changing events may modify it, the American system combines the more practical features of the British and German methods as noted by our observers abroad. One of Hitler’s first acts on assumption of authority was to electrify substantially all the farms of Germany. Next he forced the sale of small motors, supposedly for agricultural uses. In 1937 there arrived on these mechanized farms carefully packed crates. The rural populace was informed that these (*Continued on page 48*)





# HIS OWN KIND

## AN ARMY DAY REVERIE

**A**RMY DAY always made him feel lonely.

The day seemed different from other days. It stirred a strange restlessness within him. It awakened a queer longing. But mostly the sight of olive drab in the crowded city square on Army Day would send shooting through his heart again that sharp stab of pain which was Loneliness.

For always, on Army Day, the streets of the city were tinged with olive drab . . . and there was a beating of drums in the distance.

At noon there was a ceremony in front of the City Hall.

A company or two of Regulars—trim, bronzed men and keen, lithe, laughing boys—came in from a nearby fort, and stood at "Attention" in the heart of the metropolis.

There was a bugle call, a rolling of drums, a flashing of flags, a hush—while a few words were spoken about the Tradition of the Army.

Then the soldiers would be gone.

With quick, sharp steps they would march off, their tread resounding on the hard pavement for a moment or two . . . then dying away. . . .

It was the sight of the O. D. amidst the civilian dress in the crowded square . . . it was the echoing of the drums among the towering skyscrapers . . . the dying away of the soldiers' footfalls . . . the fading of their faintly-beating drums in the distance . . . that always

made him feel alone—so entirely alone.

For it reminded the Legionnaire so vividly of . . .

**W**HEN he had been in the mud and blood of Flanders a year with the Canadian Corps of the British Army in 1918 he was granted permission to apply for his first ten-day leave-of-absence.

They gave him his choice of asking for furlough in France or in England.

Leave in France would mean Paris and Nice; the capital of the world and a blue sky; gaiety and sunshine; Montmartre and the Mediterranean. England would mean Oxford.

Because he was a college man and had spent that year in mud . . . and in khaki . . . he chose England.

And wrapping his khaki greatcoat around his aching body, he settled down in the muck of the Front to wait for his leave to come through.

He had not seen a book in nine months.

He craved to get into touch again with English literature; with the things of the mind. He was starving to hear once more his own language; not merely

*By*

**TOM SAYRES**



Anglo-Saxon, but the language of his own kind of people; the language of ideas, of intellect, of the arts.

He craved, in short, Oxford.

Oxford stood for all that he had missed while in the army. There he would find again the things that made life significant. At Oxford he would come, once more, into his own world. He would be, again, among his own kind.

Always this "mother of universities," he had wanted to visit. It had stood to him as the symbol of education, of learning, of the arts. It was the master key to the culture of the mind.

And now, since his coming overseas to Europe, and with a year in the mud of Flanders in his soul, Oxford had become a longing to him.

Ever, during the interminable days between the grim trips into the Line, and more and more impatiently as the dreary winter settled down despairingly over the cold gray Front, he kept gnawing on the one bright hope which burned forever in every soldier's heart: the ten-day leave which would be his at the end of a year in France. It kept the army sane.

One by one he watched the men of his outfit receive their summons for "Leave;" one by one he helped outfit his lucky comrades for their brief stay in Paradise—the average man owning only the suspenders of his swanky Leave ensemble.

And nearer and nearer drew spring; and his own turn for Leave.

But as spring came on there slowly lengthened over the Western Front the sinister shadow of a great impending enemy drive, "the drive to decide the war;" the drive that was to strike like lightning and to pour, as a devastating torrent through the gap rent by the lightning, the flow of bayoneting green-gray troops headed for the Channel.

And with the shadow there spread over the bogs and barnyards and mud-holes of Flanders the even more sinister rumor that all leaves were to be stopped. Even the Padre swore.

Oxford became more coveted than ever; Oxford and release from the intolerable khaki that deadened the mind, dulled the senses, and suffocated the significant things of life.

Now, instead of a stimulating Leave to Oxford which would give freedom from it all, the drive was to add carnage to the khaki and the mud.

Then, unexpectedly, his "Leave" came through.

And so, he crossed the Channel to England, left behind him in the fresh, clean foam of the churning wake of his Channel leave-boat the nightmare of mud and khaki and blood which was the Front.

He passed his hands over his eyes and went forward and stood in the wind and spray at the bow of the boat, trying to shut the recollection of the past year from his memory!

# ARMY DAY

APRIL SIXTH

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF OUR ENTRY INTO THE  
WORLD WAR

Mud and khaki. Barnyards and khaki. Trenches and khaki. Muddy blankets and khaki. Field kitchens and khaki. Shells and khaki. Roads and khaki. Holes in the ground and khaki. Dugouts and khaki. Mire and khaki. Mud, mud, mud. Khaki, khaki, khaki.

Always it came back to that: mud and khaki. Khaki and mud. Khaki figures everywhere; mud everywhere. Mud, khaki and soldier talk. That had been his life since enlistment; it now seemed to him that it had been his life . . . always.

Except the few years in that shining bright time, long ago, when he had lived in his own world, with his own kind—a world of books, of ideas, of things of the mind; the world he had been born into, the world he had grown up in, the world in which he had been awarded an academic diploma.

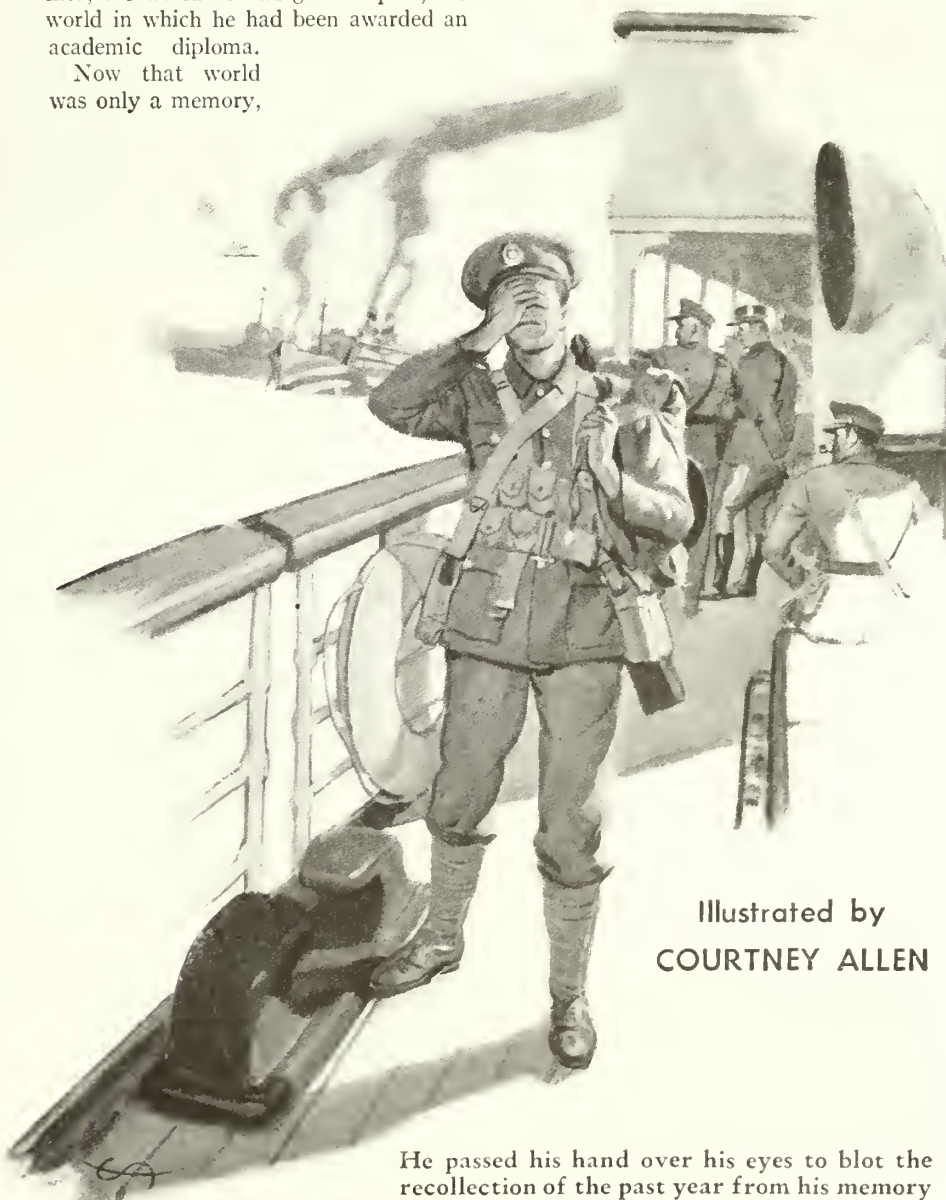
Now that world was only a memory,

a fantasy. Study halls had dissolved into dugout walls; his college campus had faded into the bleak, ghastly, shell-torn Front, marble libraries and carved classrooms had changed into wretched huts, foul barns, ether-filled hospitals, acetylene-smelling dressing stations, cement machine-gun forts: deadly "pill boxes" of the Ypres sector.

Studios had sunk into holes in the ground; brilliant classmates, and distinctive associates in art had been dissolved into millions of figures in khaki; solitude, meditation, and individual creation had changed into a beehive life of constant companionship with these millions of figures in khaki: the army.

Always they were with him, around him—figures in khaki: dawn, day, night—marching at his side, streaming in front of him as far as he could see, following behind him as far as he could hear them, long endless columns of them.

Figures in khaki: always with him: always at his (*Continued on page 62*)



Illustrated by  
COURTNEY ALLEN

He passed his hand over his eyes to blot the recollection of the past year from his memory



A few hundred Yanks of the 33d Division saw the return of the Lost Provinces and Henri Pétain become a Marshal of France in 1918. Here's their story. Alsace and Lorraine are German again. "The Last Class," a famous French story of the 1871 conqueror, will give you an idea of how they feel. It's on page 54

# We were



President Poincaré bestowing the baton that made Henri Philippe Pétain a Marshal of France. In the line back of Pétain may be seen Marshals Joffre and Foch, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and General Pershing

**T**HROUGH the thick veil of censorship that cloaks Occupied France comes news of the eviction of 100,000 residents of Alsace and Lorraine, who have been forced to migrate to Unoccupied France. No details are given—just the grim figures and a hint of Vichy's flaming protest which seems to have fizzled out with the same pathetic abruptness as did *poilu* fighting spirit in June of 1940.

Obviously there is a story here, one of those countless tales of indescribable tragedy that follows in the wake of Nazi conquest. It will be years, if ever, before that story is known, yet 767 former members of the A.E.F. have a pretty good idea of what took place.

These 767 Yanks were members of the 131st Infantry who formed a Provisional Battalion which was designated by General Pershing to represent the American Expeditionary Forces in the formal ceremonies attendant upon the re-occupation of Alsace-Lorraine. These ceremonies took place on December 8, 1918 in Metz, capital of Lorraine.

The members of the provisional battalion remember something of the reac-

tions of the people of what had for 47 years been the "Lost Provinces" when the Allied victory in our World War repatriated their homeland.

History tells us something of the stormy temperament of the residents of these gypsy provinces, from which these Yanks can well imagine the spirit that must have animated them when again in 1940 the Teutonic tide from across the Rhine poured across their borders.

For centuries this Teutonic tide has been surging back and forth across Alsace and Lorraine. Ever since the days of Charlemagne the political affiliations, if not the faith of the provinces, have been determined by military conquest.

Racial origins of the two provinces are largely Germanic. A Teutonic tribe, the Alemanni, settled Alsace and part of Lorraine, and German is still the predominant language in many sections. But forces more potent than race or language have dictated Alsatian allegiance. From the beginning they drew their culture, religion and economic prosperity from the west. The French Revolution swept across them like wildfire and to them French became the "language of liberty." It was on the streets of Strasbourg that

in 1792, for the first time, the stirring strains of "The Marseillaise" were heard.

When Bismarck, in 1871, tried to apply the age-old rule of military conquest, he failed miserably. From all of Alsace and part of Lorraine he forged a hybrid state and sought to Germanize it. But these were a free people, with ideas of their own regarding military allegiance. They abhorred thoughts of assimilation and resented Bismarck's iron discipline.

Thus were Alsace-Lorraine born to live for 47 years as the Siamese stepchildren of Germany. They refused all Prussian overtures and set up an incessant demand for liberty. This resulted, in 1911, in the establishment of a diet. This body did nothing but vote censure for administrative tactics.

When the World War broke out, more than a thousand of the Alsace-Lorraine leaders were seized and thrown into prison. German troops upon crossing the Rhine were warned that they were entering "hostile territory."

During the war Alsace-Lorraine lived under a virtual reign of terror. When German victory seemed assured, plans were made to partition the territory between Bavaria and Prussia. Thousands were deported, property confiscated and



# in Metz

BY ROBERT  
BEITH ANDERSON



The color guard drawn up at the head of the Provisional Battalion of the 131st Infantry, representing the A.E.F. at the ceremonies. Wherever the Yanks appeared in the capital of liberated Lorraine they drew applause

colonization by disabled Prussian soldiers begun. In 1918 there were 19,000 Alsacians still in exile.

It was this unquenchable spirit of freedom which undoubtedly motivated the Nazis to decree mass migration of these people in 1940.

And it is this unquenchable spirit which runs like a golden thread through the memories and imaginations of the men of the provisional battalion. In 1918 they witnessed the exuberance of that spirit. In 1941 when again overrun by a tyrant, can that spirit of the "lost provinces" be any less defiant or deathless?

Of course, in that bleak fall of 1918 we had only the vaguest notions about Alsace-Lorraine—and none at all about the spirit of the people. Few of us knew anything about the history of the provinces, but the name Metz was significant to us in a very real sense.

To us Metz was Germany. We had come this far the hard way; before we returned to America we wanted to see Germany. We wanted, in particular, to see Metz, preferably the easy way. For weeks the name of that stronghold had rung in our ears

as a challenge. During those last long days of the war we had stared across the inundated flats of St. Hilaire and dared to dream of Metz. It was a military objective out of which a bloody sun arose each dawn and toward which, as late as the morning of November 11th we were

driving along the Troyon-sur-Meuse front.

It was on November 19th that General Pétain led a victorious French army through the streets of Metz. But two days before, "Wild Bill" Gillespie, 33d Division dispatch rider, with Sergeant "Jimmy" Epperson of I company, 131st

Infantry as his passenger, had pushed his motorcycle across the cobbled area of Place de la République. These two informal and decidedly unofficial representatives of the A.E.F. found Metz quiet and orderly, yet tense with excitement. A few out-runners of the French army lounged about the streets. Nothing to get excited about.

Following the Armistice the 131st Infantry retired a short distance to Hannonville, which lies at the foot of a high plateau overlooking the Woevre. We were busily engaged in clearing away the filth and debris left by three armies when, about December 1st, we heard that the formal occupation of Alsace-Lorraine was to be celebrated in a ceremony at Metz. The most famous fighting troops of France were to participate, and Governor-General De Maud'huy had asked that the American Army be represented. He made a *(Continued on page 51)*



Colonel Joseph B. Sanborn, D. S. C., who led his men into Metz



# BURSTS AND DUDS

**L**EGIONHEIR Robert L. Legg of Peoria, Illinois, says that the bedside 'phone of one of the neighborhood doctors rang one night, awakening him from a sound slumber. "My wife, doctor," shrilled a voice. "It's her appendix. You'd better come at once."

The doctor sighed. "Go on back to bed," he said. "She hasn't got appendicitis. I'll look in tomorrow."

The husband became wilder; choking and sputtering, he insisted on immediate

loudly. "Dar now," he said, "I knows jest whah I left mah pocket knife."

**N**OW, ladies and gentlemen," screeched the political orator, "I want to tax your memory!" "Great grief!" groaned a man in the audience. "Has it come to that!"

**A**ND here's a story that H. K. Van Alen tells on Legionnaire John Saari of Beacon, Michigan. Private Saari, during his recruit days, failed to salute an officer when he passed him on the company street. The officer called him to attention and, after the usual lecture, asked his name. "Saari, sir," he replied.

The officer reddened to his eyebrows.

"I don't care a rap how sorry you are," he snapped. "I want to know WHO you are!"

**I**T WAS the first night of the Legion convention. Crowds jammed the streets, littering them with confetti, scraps of paper and other odds and ends. A dejected-looking man stood on the curb and surveyed the scene. Then, with a gusty sigh he turned away. "What's the matter, buddy?" asked a sympathetic bystander. "Were you a



"My wife needed a muff, sir."

soldier and are you thinking of yesterday?"

"Nope," clipped the dejected one. "I'm a street cleaner and I'm thinking of tomorrow."

**T**HIS one must be good; no less than six contributors have sent it in within the past month, but in each case there was some variance in locale and object of the search. The dollar goes to K. T. Stiewing, R. D. 3, Bridgeport, Connecticut. His letter was opened first.

Jones entered a department store to buy his wife a birthday present. He asked a saleslady just where he could find some nice silk stockings. "Go to Helen Hunt," she replied.

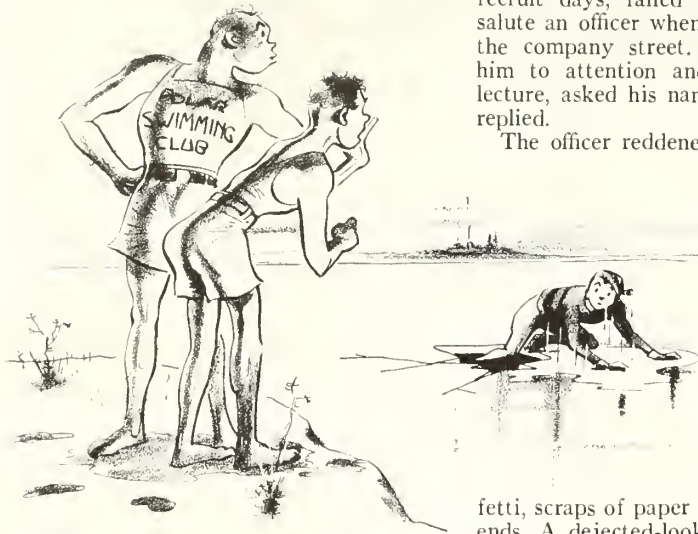
**G**EORGE BEHREND of Chicago says that he saw this sign on a service station at Peoria: "Run in before you run out."

**J**UDGE: "Now, sir, please tell the court exactly what passed between you and your wife during the quarrel."

Defendant: "A flat-iron, rolling pin, six plates and a tea-kettle."

**H**E WAS a new Chaplain. When he discovered a group of men out behind the cook tent, bunched together in a formation resembling a football huddle, "What are these men doing?" he asked of a passing soldier.

"Shooting craps," Whereupon the Chaplain became much excited. "Stop it!" he commanded in his best military tone. "Those poor little craps have the same right to live that you have!"



"How's the water?"

attention. "But she can't have appendicitis," insisted the medico. "I took her appendix out three years ago and I never heard of anyone having two appendixes."

"Yea-ah," said the husband, bitterly. "Did you ever hear of a man having a second wife?"

**"T**HIS," explained the chemistry professor, "is one of the most dangerous explosives known. If I am the least bit wrong in my experiment we are liable to be blown through the roof. Kindly come a little closer, so that you can follow me better."

**L**EGIONNAIRE F. S. Mauldin of Anderson, South Carolina, says that during a revival in his section of the country the parson was trying to impress his hearers by making a series of striking comparisons. "You know, brethren and sistren," he said, "you can compare the good old religion with a ripe, juicy watermelon. It jest can't be beat." One of the members had been dozing; he awoke with a start and snapped his fingers



"But Chief, nobody turned in an alarm!"



# To promote Peace and Good Will on Earth

Eighth of a Series on the Principles Contained in the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

**B**ORN of war, The American Legion is, of course, emphatically dedicated to peace. Ever since the founders of the organization wrote into the preamble to its constitution the principle "To Promote Peace and Good Will on Earth" the more than one million men and women who served their country honorably during an emergency and who now make up the membership of the Legion, have followed a true course towards this cause, not only as an organization but as individuals, too.

The American Legion believes, and has so expressed itself at every national convention, that the best assurance of an honorable peace for this nation is the adoption of an adequate national defense program. It believes, also, that in addition to a two-ocean Navy and a sizeable standing Army with ample trained reserves, to complete an "adequate national defense" requires the adoption of legislation that will function in time of war in conscripting capital, industry and labor to serve side by side with its manpower. Take the profit out of war and the cause of peace will be materially benefited.

Despite the fact the carol "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" has been sung for ages in every tongue by Christian peoples throughout the world, nations are now engaged in bloody conflict. The wars in progress now have been incited by practices of intolerance, by greed, distrust and the desire for profit. It behooves us (Continued on page 40)

By

GEORGE P. GILLAN





The R.A.F. pilot helps the National Commander inspect a Hurricane fighter craft

# Trip to

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE AMERICAN LEGION MISSION



**F**OUR or five lines a day cannot tell, but can indicate, the high pressure movements of National Commander Milo J. Warner, Past Commander Franklin D'Olier, Maj. Gen. Frank Parker and Commander's Aide Joseph Deutschle, who flew to England to study home defense under war conditions as a help to planning The American Legion defense program. Before this is published the report of the Mission will have been given to the National Executive Committee in special session, and resulting plans will be moving forward. These fragments from the diary of the trip show some places visited and things studied. The Mission had eighteen days in England, touched four continents by air com-

Inspecting a model of a German plane at an R.A.F. training center



ing home, saw things many Englishmen are not permitted to see. Here-with a fragmentary part of the Mission's diary:

**W**ED., Feb. 5—Left New York on Yankee Clipper, 8.52 A.M. Arrived Bermuda, 2.20 P.M. (750 miles) Left Bermuda, 5.00 P.M.

Feb. 6—Arrived Horta, Azores, (2,160 miles) 8.00 A.M. Left Horta, 9.00 A.M. Arrived Lisbon, Portugal, (1,200 miles) 3.00 P.M. To Hotel Palacio.

Feb. 7—At American Legation. Arranging transportation to England. Dinner at English Club. Visit to Casino, which is said to be full of spies.

Feb. 8—At airport, 5.00 A.M. Left 7.00 A.M. All window shutters closed. Very bumpy. Deutschle thrown into aisle and cracked a rib. Landed in England (1,200 miles) 3.00 P.M.

Feb. 9—To London, Claridge's Hotel. Catch up on sleep.

Feb. 10—At American Embassy and at Ministry of Information. Learn regulations, get passes, credentials, helmets, gas masks. Interview by British press. Register with police.

Feb. 11—Going over Air Raid Precaution work in detail, from top to bottom, office and field.

Feb. 12—Learn details of Women's Volunteer Service of seventy women's organizations and its work. Inspecting London damage, City, docks, military.

Feb. 13—The Navy. Southampton, Portsmouth. On ships, including an ex-U.S. destroyer, and one vessel recently in action.

Feb. 14—The Army. Famous regiments. Coastal defenses. New troops. Materials. Waiting, impatiently, for trouble.

Feb. 15—The R.A.F. Airdromes. With the Hurricanes. Civilian jobs with the air forces. The fighters. Youngsters.

Feb. 16—Windsor. Church in St. George's Chapel. Eton. Rugby as usual. Lunch with Lady Edward Churchill, aunt of the Prime Minister.



# England

Somerset County's British Legion standard dips in salute to the Mission: Left to right, Deutschle, Warner, D'Olier, Parker



Feb. 17—Coventry. Birmingham. Industrial plants. Guests of British Legion. More damage to houses than to industry. Mayor thanks us for American gifts of cash and clothing.

Feb. 18—The Home Guard. Veterans of 1914-18. Their numerous tasks. Call on Winston Churchill. A frank interview with a truly great leader.

Feb. 19—Communications. The Postmaster General. Telegraph, telephone, wireless. Espionage. The military and civilian counterparts of our F.B.I. The fire brigades.

Feb. 20—London. The complete picture of a "secured" factory. The workers. Underground London.

Feb. 21—Dover and Folkestone. Defenses nearest the channel—a tour few Englishmen can make.

Feb. 22—Clearing up many questions at Ministry of Information. Then to "Investiture" by the King. Some 200 soldiers and civilians decorated with various honors. Thereafter we had a 15-minute interview with King George VI. Lunch with W.V.S. leaders and workers. Visit hospitals. Inspect some dud bombs, and incendiaries.

Feb. 23—Wind up details. Pro-

ceed to point of departure, scheduled for next morning.

Feb. 24, 25—Delayed by weather. Finally flew to Lisbon on Feb. 26, having missed one Clipper.

Feb. 27, 28—Waiting for Clipper

at Lisbon.

March 1—Off for home on Atlantic Clipper, via Africa, Brazil, Trinidad, San Juan, P.R. (delayed by weather) and finally New York at daylight, March 6.

**These are the fellows that give Goering's Luftwaffe blow for blow: R.A.F. pilots at their barracks**





# YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO BE GOOD

## A Moving Travelogue in twenty-two scenes



1 - DRAFTEE No. 1313-13/3 REPORTS FOR ENTRANCE EXAMS REQUIRED FOR INDUCTION INTO THE 'NEW ARMY.'

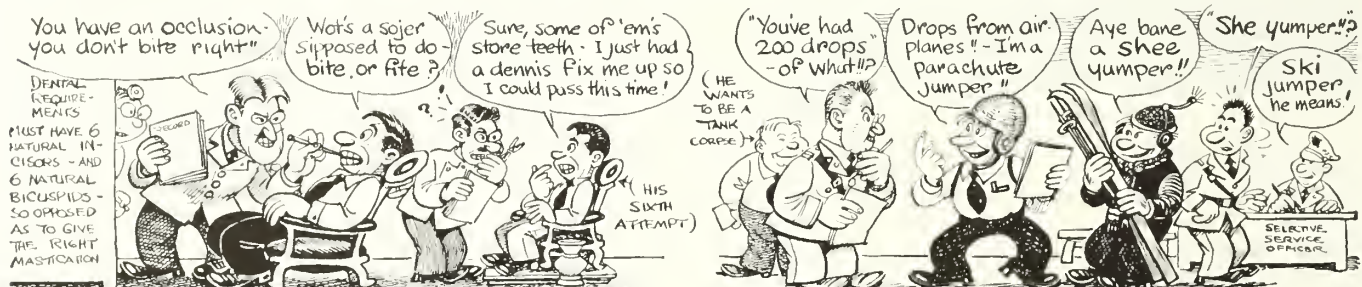
2 - THEN THE FUN BEGINS. HE IS GIVEN A 'DOG-TAG' -

3 - HE ANSWERS A LOT OF QUESTIONS - ENOUGH TO FILL A BOOK ...



6 - HE AND HIS NEW PALS, HAVE TO PEEL DOWN FOR A STRIP TEASE -

7 - THE DOCTORS START WORKING ON HIM. EACH MAN HAS TO "PASS IN REVIEW", AND BE INSPECTED BY ELEVEN DIFFERENT SPECIALISTS -



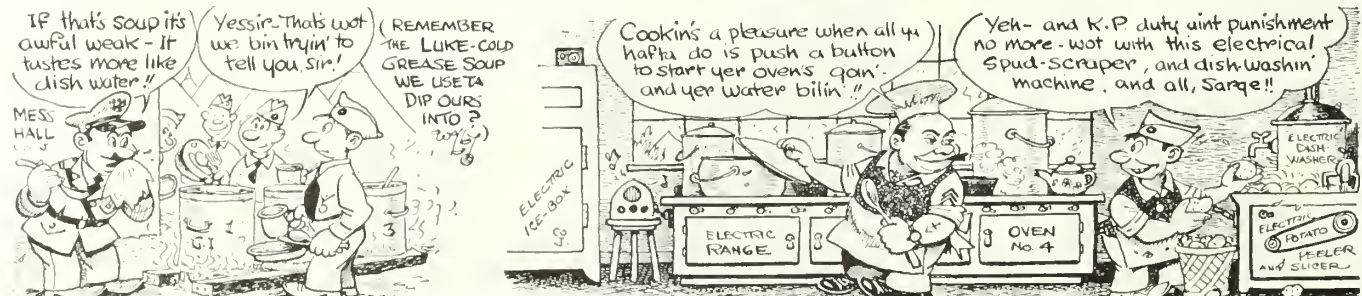
10 - THEY GET OCCULISTED - BUT ITS THE D.D.S WHO DISCOVERS THE HOLES IN THEIR DEFENSES - AND SING "THE YANKS ARE COMING."

11 - SOME OF THEM HAVE ALREADY PICKED OUT THE BRANCH OF THE ARMY THEY'D LIKE TO SERVE IN -



15 - THEY ARRIVE IN CAMP - AND, AFTER MORE QUESTIONING AND TESTING - DRAW THEIR DUDS AND EQUIPMENT -

16 - THEY GO TO THE QUARTERS ASSIGNED THEM - AND TENT OR BARRACKS - THEY'RE DE LUXE COMPARED TO OUR A.E.F. BILLETS -



19 - THOSE WHO DO USE MESS GEAR GET NICE SCALDING HOT WATER TO BATHE 'EM IN -

20 - THE NEW ARMY WILL NOT ONLY BE MECHANIZED BUT ELECTRIFIED AS WELL - THE COOKS ENJOY ALL ELECTRIC KITCHENS - AND THE K.P.'S LOT IS NOW A HAPPY ONE -



# TO GET IN UNCLE'S ARMY TODAY

By Wallgren



4 - WHICH THEY DO - NINE TO TEN PAGES (MANY IN TRIPLICATE) ARE FILED WITH EACH MAN'S RECORD -



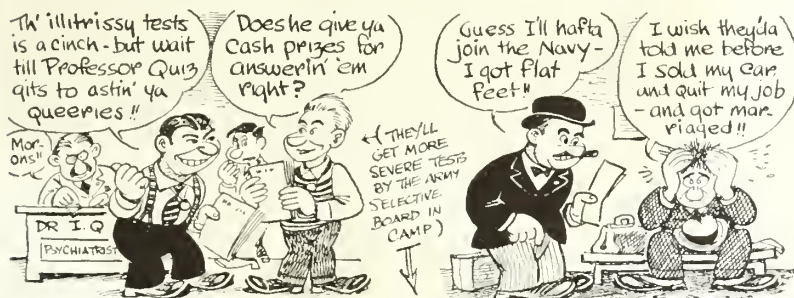
5 - HE POSES FOR A NEW PROCESS EX-RAY PHOTOGRAPH - THE PRINT IS DEVELOPED IMMEDIATELY FOR DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION



8 - THEN (IN GROUPS OF 25 TO 30), THE MEDICOS PUT THEM THROUGH THE JUMPS TO GET THEIR PHYSICAL REACTIONS -



9 - FEW OF THEM TRY TO GET DEFERMENT - AND ONLY A VERY FEW GET BY THE CIVILIAN EXAMINER M.D.S.



12 - THEY TAKE THE INTELLIGENCE TESTS - & GET PSYCHO-ANALYSED -

13 - (WHICH IS UNLUCKY) BUT ONLY ABOUT 17% ARE BEING REJECTED -



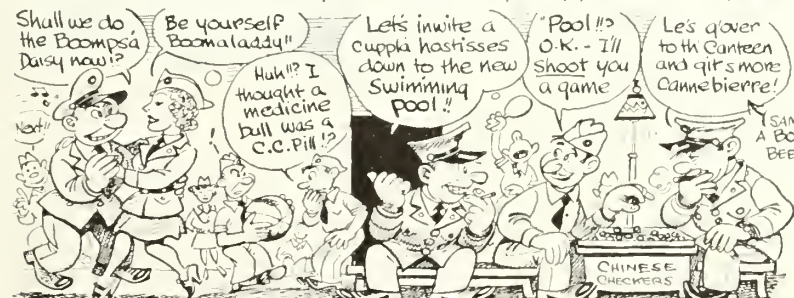
14 - THE "LUCKY" ONES TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE & OFF THEY MARCH - NEW BUCK PRIVATES IN THE U.S. ARMY.



17 - NO DOUBLE-TIER CHICKEN WIRE BUNKS FOR THESE ROOKIES - THEY GOT REAL COTS, WITH MATTRESSES, SHEETS, & ALL



18 - SOME OUTFITS ARE EATING OFF OF HOTEL CHINA - WITH K.P.s. WAITING ON TABLE - AND WASHING THEIR DISHES FOR THEM



21 - MOST OF THE CAMPS HAVE HOSTESSES - AND THE RECREATIONAL FACILITIES - INCLUDING SPORTS EQUIPMENT ETC. - ARE ENTIRELY ADEQUATE -



22 - HOWEVER - OUTSIDE OF A FEW NEW REGULATIONS - & NEW CONFUSING (TO US) I.D.R. - ITS THE SAME OLD STUFF.





Horseback riding is fine exercise for people of all ages, and most of us are vigorous enough for bowling

**I**T IS spring in America: snow going, water running, ice breaking in the upper Mississippi; pussy willows and bloodroots out, redwings and bluebirds singing; little boys by the million outdoors playing marbles and little girls by the million outdoors jumping rope or swinging "O'Leary." Kids at play, all so intent on their games they do not give a glance at airplanes cruising overhead, everyday airplanes common to the world those youngsters were born in, friendly airplanes whose pilots, they know, would wave them a greeting, if near enough, in the same good will and camaraderie shown them by passing locomotive engineers and firemen, bus drivers and, and—why, just everybody, in fact. The cherry trees are about to bloom in the nation's capital, gift of a friendly Japan in another day, and the statue with the upraised torch, gift of France, dear to many millions, looks out toward peoples at death grip beyond the sea, to whom the spring can bring no wanted quickening of spirit nor renewal of joy and hope.

Flags on countless buildings all over America shine in the mellow sun, reminding of a world at war and of national unity in time of menace. In the belief that the holocaust abroad threatens American safety and institutions and way of life, Uncle Sam has called for a mobilization of manpower for the defense of the nation. Two million young men are to be inducted or enlisted in the armed forces within the next two years.

Early reports on examinations of selectees disclose that about 26 percent of the number examined are being rejected

as physically unfit for general military service. The showing of volunteers is about the same. The rate is not so large as that in the war of 1917-1918, which was 29.1 percent, but it is alarmingly high. It points the need of prompt effort to reduce the number of rejections, help correct the disabilities of those rejected, and improve the health and physical condition of the civilian population generally, children and adults, boys and girls, men and women. Attention to the civilian population should be continuous from now on, regardless of the passing of the defense emergency.

To meet this need The American Legion seeks to do something about it. The Legion is promoting, through its National Americanism Commission, a nation-wide activity to enlist groups and agencies, public and private, for development of manpower and morale through a program of physical education, health education and recreation in schools and communities. The program is designed to toughen the body and mental fibre and build a rugged citizenry for preparedness and defense. Every member of a Legion Post may get in on this. More about the program in a minute.

# More

BY FRANK G.  
McCORMICK

Director of Athletics,  
University of Minnesota



Some of you readers would like to know what are some of the main reasons for the rejections being made by examiners. The chief one so far is poor tooth and mouth condition. The requirement is at least six good teeth in each jaw and they must be opposite one another. This is to enable the soldier not, as someone has pointed out, to bite the enemy but to chew food so that he may digest it properly. Armies today as in the past travel on their stomachs. Poor eyesight comes next, mainly nearsightedness. Other causes include heart conditions, hearing defects, overweight and underweight, tuberculosis, hernia, birth deformities.

A man anxious to pass the test cannot conceal his mouth condition from the examiner but he can make a try on vision. Perhaps most veterans of the World War have heard that old one of the volunteer who sought to cover up his poor sight by memorizing in advance the normal-reading and smaller-type letters on the vision chart. He did all right with



# power to you, Uncle

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THE LEGION IS ATTEMPTING TO BUILD UP THE HEALTH AND STRENGTH OF ALL AMERICANS THROUGH RECREATION

them in the examination, spotting "D" from "P" and "C" from "O" without a hitch. Then the examiner turned on a line of extra-large letters—and the man flunked completely. Not having counted on that test, he hadn't memorized for it.

A variant of this story, also gray-bearded, has to do with an inductee who had gone all right up to the eye test. The doctor said, "Weak eyes, eh? How many lines can you read on that chart?" And the man said, "What chart?"

In the Legion program, "physical," "education" and "recreation" are high-brow words, hard to get excited over. They are cold, colorless, dead-level words that inspire no one to wave his hat and cheer. Just what is the Legion getting at? It might be stated with truth that its advocacy is largely one of physical and

doing bead work flat on your back in a Veterans Hospital, may be recreation. So may pullaway, tennis, volleyball, hiking, shot putting, boxing, mountain climbing. Recreation is any refreshment of body or spirit that tends to re-create the man.

Monsieur Jourdain, in the story, was astonished on being told that all speech was either prose or verse, was one or the other. He was filled with pride and delight. Here he had been talking prose all his life—he, a plain, ordinary citizen—and hadn't known it! Recreation is like that. Most people have been engaged in it all their lives, from the first dash for what Mr. Micawber referred to as "Nature's founts" to the feat of breaking one hundred after twenty years of golf. They have been doing from choice what they enjoyed doing, of their own free will.

The Legion's emphasis is on organized, coördinated recreation under trained leadership to help people to be well, strong and in command of their bodies and their minds so that bodies and minds do what their owners wish them to do. Such recreation will develop both the manpower and the morale of our civilian population. This looks to group activities in vigorous play, where there is a striving for excellence. Legion-promoted junior baseball, now engaging half a million boys yearly, is an instance.

Four groups are to be reached in the program. The first group comprises selectees, and young men who have left school but are below the registration age. This group should have at least a preliminary physical development before call into service. Schools should open their facilities to selectees during the summer months and at other times when not needed for the (Continued on page 46)



Archery is tops for coördinating eye and muscles. No matter how old a man is he can play at lawn bowls



health education *through* recreation. And what is recreation?

Some folks might say that recreation is having fun in your leisure time, chiefly in games and sports. That wouldn't be a bad try, but recreation is more than that. It often means activity, but need not mean it. Resting for a tired or an ill man may be recreation. Reading, sewing, looking at a movie, listening to music,



# THE ARMY GOES

Each rifle company in the new Army has six of these 60-millimeter mortars, each capable of spewing thirty shots a minute into dive bombers



**T**HIS business of building an efficient Army on a large scale is the same intensive job of two decades ago, when the men who are now The American Legion were being shaped into soldiers from the raw material of civilians. Differences are chiefly technical, based on new methods and weapons devised in a war-torn world during those years since we fought a war to end all wars.

So far as popular interest is evidenced, you would hardly know that a great new Army is in the making. Normal life goes on smoothly, newspapers have little to say, few visitors ever arrive at training areas and cantonments to see the army-in-the-making. But among the troops, behind all the calm of cities and villages, there is the same sweltering intensity of action that marked World War days when we faced the task of building an Army of 4,000,000 men within the shortest possible span of months.

Up before daylight, work until dark, then study for officers and non-coms well into the night. That is the day's grind for the 600,000 men who were under arms at the end of the year, and it will be the chore for the additional 900,000 coming in during the next few months.

Just where this massing of manpower for defense will end none can say, since the size of our future Army must depend upon world developments. If events dictate, this new Army might easily surpass in strength that vast host we marshaled for World War I.

In 1917-18, the men in service were certain of the purpose for which they had been called into uniform. War had been duly declared by Congress, expeditions were being organized for dispatch to European battlefields. Those grim certainties fed zest into the work of shaping an Army.

**B**UT there is no less animation and spirit of service in the men who train today. They know that their long hours of the daily military grind are vitally necessary for the protection of their country. They know that if we build an Army quickly enough and efficiently enough, that Army may not have to fire a shot in anger. At the same time they are preparing themselves for any eventuality. Having observed the World War I Army in the making and in action overseas, and having also observed our new Army in many parts of the country these past few months, I am convinced that

the spirit of '17 animates today's Army, reflecting in the highest degree the best American tradition of service to the limit.

World War I veterans, recalling the insuperable difficulties that had to be overcome in those days, may argue that the job of making an Army is much simpler today. Why not, since we have an adequate officer personnel, at least for the first million or so, and plenty of rifles and field guns for infantry and field artillery.

But in this first year of the new Army, the problem is just as complicated as in the days of 1917 when regiments used wooden substitutes for rifles. In fact, it is even more complicated. In World War I, we were able to draw upon our allies for basic weapons and war materials. The British supplied rifles, steel helmets, gas masks and other basic necessities. The French gave us large quantities of artillery, light, medium and heavy.

Now, since World War I weapons are obsolete in many instances and so many new types have been developed, we have to fall back upon our own forges. And the task of adapting our factories to military needs on a large scale is proving slow and intricate despite the best-laid plans for industrial mobilization. In so simple a matter as uniforms it has been necessary to dig out of mothballs the old high-collared uniforms of ancient vintage



# INTO HIGH

while waiting for the looms to turn out new uniforms for our volunteers and selectees. While rifles of a kind are plentiful for the infantry, such modern infantry weapons as the 60-millimeter and 81-millimeter mortars are still wanting in many Divisions, except a few samples for training purposes.

Innumerable new weapons must come now from American factories. Consider infantry weapons alone.

First is the M-1 semi-automatic rifle which is replacing the old bolt-action Springfield. Relatively few regiments are equipped with these, but they are pouring out of arsenals at a rapidly increasing rate. These rifles will vastly increase our infantry fire power, and the United States Army will be the only one in the world having such a weapon.

The infantry regiment has been reorganized completely to use the various new arms. There is a new antitank company that mounts twelve 37-millimeter antitank guns, high-velocity, flat-trajectory, rakish weapons that fire armor-piercing shells as well as high explosives. This gives the regiment independent protection against enemy tanks.

Each battalion of the regiment now has its own heavy-weapons company in place of the old-model machine gun company. In addition to its eight .30-caliber machine guns, the heavy-weapons company mans two .50-caliber machine guns that are supposed to be effective against light armored tanks, and two 81-millimeter mortars, a low-velocity, high-angle fire gun whose shells, normally fired from enfilade, are effective in reaching the reverse slopes of hills and in flattening out machine-gun nests.

Each rifle company also has a new weapon in the 60-millimeter mortar, six per company. It is a smooth-bore, high-

By

ARED WHITE

upon the fellow behind the bayonet.

But in the fire and movements that flank or penetrate hostile positions, the doughboy now has supporting weapons at his own immediate disposal to help him, and on a scale never before undertaken.

Back of the infantrymen rise many new types of support. There is the inevitable light and medium divisional artillery to cover and assist the attack. In the National Guard Divisions (square) there is a brigade of two light artillery regiments and one medium artillery regiment. World War stock, remodeled in



The tank, spearhead of the attack. Other mechanized equipment follows it, widening the thrust. Then the infantry, as always, to consolidate and hold gains. Below, the 81-millimeter mortar, hell on machine-gun nests



trajectory weapon, a small edition of the 81-millimeter gun, and capable of putting down thirty shots a minute.

All of these, of course, do not change the basic function of the doughboy. His job remains that of attack with rifle and bayonet to capture and occupy enemy positions. Victory or defeat still depends

some respects and boasting heavy rubber tires for speed in transport by trucks, serves the purpose in many Divisions. The Regular Army's lighter division (triangular) has three 105-millimeter howitzer battalions and one 155-millimeter howitzer battalion which also includes eight 75-milli- (Continued on page 38)



# STILL IN SERVICE

## EDITORIAL

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation! . . .

**O**F COURSE you recognize it—the opening lines of the fourth verse of The Star-Spangled Banner. It is appropriate to remember these words at this moment because tens of thousands of our fellow Americans are in the armed service of their country, standing ready to defend the civilization built up in this land over the last three hundred years. Many of these men in uniform are Legionnaires, and those of us who by reason of age, physical disability or other commanding conditions are not able to be with them can only wish them godspeed and pledge them our wholehearted support in whatever situation they may find themselves in the months to come.

The uniform is in public favor today to an extent that would amaze a man from Mars if he could return now after having visited the United States for any lengthy period between 1919 and 1939. We World War veterans are delighted, and we think we understand how such things can be: In times such as these when national safety is the first consideration, the logic of the situation tells everyone that the soldier, the sailor and the marine are the insurance policy for sheer survival of America's institutions, its civilization. In every county in the nation an aroused citizenry is anxious to help in every way possible the men going to training camp or ship.

**W**OULD it be sheer impudence to point out to those old enough to remember, that the million members of The American Legion and all the others who marched to war in 1917 and 1918 were in those days just as much in favor with their fellow countrymen as are these service men of today, who, God willing, may be spared the horrors of actual warfare. Concerning the soldier in peace and in war Rudyard Kipling in numerous poems has told the sorry tale of the indifference of the public to his lot once a crisis is passed. A seventeenth century writer put it neatly:

Our God and soldier we alike adore,  
When at the brink of ruin, not before;  
After deliverance, both alike required,  
Our God forgotten, and our soldiers slighted.

The foregoing is written, not to prove that in all times and places human nature is the same, not to warn the young men now in the uniform of their country that popularity is a fickle jade, and that no matter how meritorious their services, a section of public opinion will regard them, once the need for our expanding national defense has been met, with condescension mixed with something of contempt.

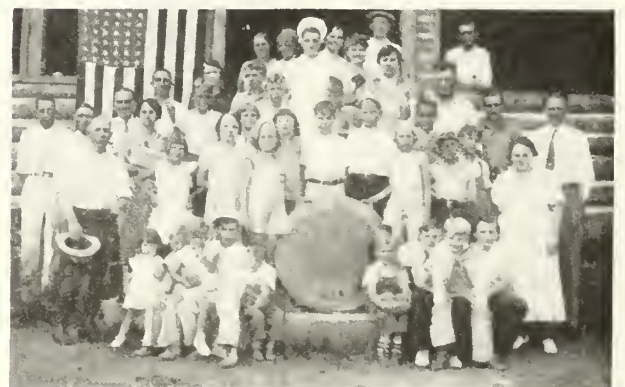
No, these lines are written merely as a preliminary to a



Port Washington, New York, Legionnaires spot planes for the U. S. Army



Stanford Hospital gets a three-bed ward, gift of San Francisco County Auxiliaries



The kids enjoy a grand summer camp thanks to McFarland Post, La Junta, Colorado

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



# FOR AMERICA



"America is worth defending," the sign says, and Salt Lake Legionnaires mean it



This \$5000 school bus was presented by Richard L. Kitchens Post, Helena, Arkansas



The County Court gets an American flag from Hommon Post, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania

report to the people of the United States that the million men and women of the Legion and their families are proud to consider themselves still in the service of their country, even though the uniforms they wear are not in every case those of its armed services. The uniforms may be those of the Legion, of state guardsmen, policemen, firemen; they may be overalls or indeed no uniform at all, but just last year's suit.

During the World War some four and three-quarters millions of Americans served in the uniform of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. The twenty-three years since the Armistice have reduced that army of veterans to just above four millions. A few more than one million of these are members of The American Legion. We do not think it will be denied that this particular million is the cream of the crop, that they are the self-starters, the unselfish promoters of good enterprises benefitting their home communities, their States and the nation itself. These million veterans will never forget 1917 and 1918, but they are not resting on their oars, even those of them who might be thought incapable of any sort of constructive service. As did the men of 1776 we have pledged to this nation "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

ON THIS page are pictured a few of the typical sorts of things Legionnaires are doing and have been doing to make their communities a better place in which to live. Multiply these incidents ten thousand times and add countless varieties of service and you will hardly have half the story of unselfish devotion back of the Legion program. For Legionnaires are more than a many-sided group of men and women bound by the ties of a common service: They are united in Posts that reach into the heart of every county in the land and provide insurance against anything approaching a Fifth Column; they will give unstintingly of their time and strength to foil the efforts of saboteurs—and they will continue to carry on with a singleness of purpose and a devotion to this their land which is implicit in every section of the Preamble to their Constitution:

*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.*





# WANTED: Veterans for Jobs

By PAUL H. GRIFFITH

Director, National Veterans' Employment Committee,  
The American Legion

"STATION W-O-R-K calling all veterans."

Assembly will sound next May 4th. Every day for a week it will be repeated and unemployed veterans everywhere will be urged to report and register with the local employment offices operated by the Veterans' Placement Service. To get out the registration of the jobless, local Legion Posts will canvass their communities, locate the veterans out of work and steer them to the convenient points of registration.

Registration of unemployed veterans during employment week, May 4th-10th this year, is a major policy adopted by the National Employment Committee of The American Legion, under Chairman Jack Crowley's direction. It is the first and basic step toward licking unemployment among veterans at a time when prospects for victory against this grave

social and economic disease appear brightest. America has embarked on a national defense program which calls for the services of a vast army of workers and now is the time to get jobs for unemployed veterans. For the first time in the memory of World War veterans jobs are literally seeking men. The jobs are not in Washington. They are not in the pockets of Senators or Congressmen; nor in the custody of the director of the National Employment Committee. They are much closer to home. The local Veterans' Placement representative knows best where they are; it is astounding for how many veterans he is finding work.

Employment interests of veterans are served by Veterans' Placement representatives—one in each State—whose responsibility it is to see that employment preferences for veterans on certain government projects are observed. He makes

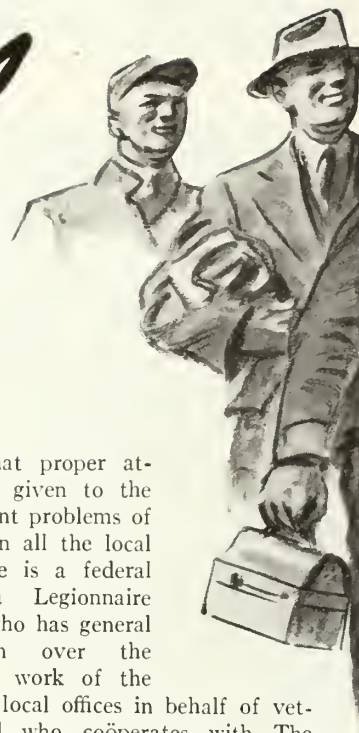
certain that proper attention is given to the employment problems of veterans in all the local offices. He is a federal officer, a Legionnaire himself, who has general supervision over the placement work of the state and local offices in behalf of veterans and who coöperates with The American Legion and other veteran organizations, with the Government and industry, to promote jobs for veterans.

"Veterans" belong to the age-group known as "older" workers against whose employment prejudices often arise. With the aid of The American Legion the Veterans' Placement representative fights to overcome these prejudices. He tries to interest employers in taking on veterans on the basis of their individual abilities without regard to age; and he is succeeding to a remarkable degree.

What the Veterans' Placement Service, with the coöperation of The American Legion, has done and is doing now to bring job and veteran together can perhaps best be illustrated by actual case histories. Here are a few taken from the records of the District of Columbia Employment Center.

There was the case of Legionnaire A, who had served as a first lieutenant during the World War and remained in France after the Armistice. Opportunities for employment had grown scarce. French citizenship had become a prerequisite for a job in French industry. Legionnaire A left his family abroad and came to America to land a job. The Veterans' Placement representative found him a temporary position which he filled satisfactorily. When the time ran out, Veterans' Placement got him a second and later a third, until finally he located a permanent job with the Internal Revenue at \$2600 a year. Today Legionnaire A has been joined by his family and they are now living on American soil.

Then there was Legionnaire B, whose job in London was cut short by the war. He was rehabilitated in a position under the National Defense at a salary of \$4600 a year.



Inspecting the work of an electrical class training project: Left to right, Oscar G. Jones, O. D. Hollenbeck, Paul Griffith, a trainee, Administrator Edwards, the class instructor, District of Columbia Commander W. H. Hargrave, and another trainee







**The Legion helps bring the  
man and the job together**

These two cases are exceptional, of course, but they show that "top" jobs, too, are often available for the jobless veteran. Most of the jobs, however, are lower down the scale.

There was the case of a Legionnaire who was drawing ten dollars a month compensation for service-connected disability. He, too, had remained in France after the Armistice and came to this country only after the collapse. He arrived destitute. The Veterans' Placement representative interested him in a civil service examination and helped him file the papers for departmental guard. Today he is working for the Treasury Department in Washington at a salary of \$100 a month.

Three or four years ago, a veteran who was a member of The American Legion and served during the World War as a captain, came to Washington and opened a law office. A short while later he fell

and broke his leg and was confined to Walter Reed Hospital for approximately one year. His child was about a year old at the time he entered the hospital and because of the hospitalization his funds were exhausted. The gas and electricity were cut off in his apartment, and he could not obtain milk for the child. He was a good lawyer and through the efforts of the Veterans' Placement representative he was placed with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation at \$4200 a year and was later promoted to a \$6500 job.

About three years ago contact was made with the contractor who was erecting the Mellon Art Gallery and the superintendent agreed to hire only disabled war veterans as watchmen. This agreement was lived up to and the building was only recently completed. It required a great number of guards, as there were many gates open to the building. The guards worked on eight-hour shifts. A great deal of care was taken in referring men who were qualified for this job. The superintendent recently reported that all veterans furnished were of the best type and that he had no trouble with any of them during the three years. Each of them was given a letter of appreciation for his services which will help him obtain employment with other contractors in the commercial field and will serve as a good reference when taking the Civil Service examination for guard positions.

The Potomac Electric Power Company upon request was furnished with a list of unemployed veterans and a number of them got jobs as watchmen.

The U. S. Engineers and the U. S.

Secret Service also have called for Legionnaires to serve as guards. The only ones who could be referred were men who had applied for the Departmental Guard examination. Both agencies require an FBI investigation of their character. Men must be at least five feet, seven inches in their stocking feet. Many Legionnaires were referred to them and hired. The officers in charge stated these veterans were of the very best type and admirably suited for the job because of their military experience.

During the Inauguration the Ford Motor Company, which furnished the cars for Governors of the States, called on The American Legion to furnish chauffeurs, and a number of unemployed veterans got the chance to earn money as well as witness the spectacle from a point of vantage.

A short time ago, retraining classes were started in the various schools in the District of Columbia. The Legion knew there were numbers of men working on WPA projects who would be able to take their places in private industry with a little additional training. They arranged to have these men entered in these classes and up to the present writing more than 25 of them have obtained jobs in private industry and in the Navy Yard. They are now drawing mechanic's wages. Before this training they were only able to get approximately \$54 a month on WPA projects. Their present wages range from \$160 to \$200 a month.

A recent case was referred by The American Legion in California, where a disabled war veteran was rejected as a farm agent in the Indian Service because of a minor disability. This case was taken up with the Indian Service, the personnel office of the Interior Department and the Civil Service Commission, and the man was placed in the job. It is worth mentioning that he was rejected two years ago for the same kind of job. He appealed his case to the Civil Service Commission and his name was restored to the register. However, when he was rejected this time he made contact through The American Legion and the Veterans' Placement Service, who knew what to do and how to help him. This time he got a job, not merely a restoration of his name on the register.

A few years ago a disabled war veteran, who was drawing a small compensation and had a large family, called for help. The Veterans' Placement representative contacted the Rehabilitation Service and arranged for a three-year scholarship in the National University Law School, which resulted in his employment as a lawyer with the Government. This was an outstanding case because at the (Continued on page 41)



# I WOULDN'T CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM

ONE of the more charming vagaries of maturity is the quaint illusion of everlasting youth maintained stalwartly as a barricade against the years by the mature whose youth has fled. It is the troublous ferment that has spilled over to create the folk-myth that old soldiers never die. It is the blossomy wine that causes gentlemen of few teeth and little hair, who have passed unwittingly from adolescence to obsolescence, to perk up when their rheumy eyes light on what is currently known as a Good-Looking Number, and, veering from the romantic, to recall, with scant regard for truth, deeds of derring-do no less heroic because they never were.

Unfortunately, Legionnaires are not immune to this sort of thing, being no different, their own opinion notwithstanding, than veterans of the Siege of Troy; the Greeks of the Anabasis; the Romans who divided all Gaul into three parts and who have since been anathema to all school boys; the survivors of Valley Forge; the Johnny Rebs who were the bright blades of Lee and the Yanks who were the bludgeon of Grant.

In a general way, of course, it doesn't matter. Soldiers high and low from the far-off day of the first campfire have been that way—and so are Legionnaires. But that does not render a Legionnaire unfit to practice surgery or to milk cows. It doesn't bar him, by any manner of means, from the bar (either kind), and it shouldn't stop him if he wishes to make a scale model of the Taj Mahal out of toothpicks or carve monkey heads from peach stones.

But the writer submits that no Legionnaire, unless carefully watched, should be entrusted to write history, up to and including the history of American Legion Junior Baseball for 1940, throwing in a prospectus for 1941 as good measure, which happens to be, thanks to the carelessness of the Legion magazine, our present assignment.

Graduates of Legion Junior Baseball are becoming more and more numerous in the Major Leagues. Legionnaire Denton won't give Ernie Quigley's National Leaguers the nod over Dan Barry's American Leaguers, though he comes from the older circuit's No. 1 town as of the moment. Maybe the American League fans will say there's a reason. Do you?

By  
**NIXSON DENTON**  
SPORTS EDITOR  
*Cincinnati Times-Star*

We're in trouble already, as a matter of fact, due to two things—one, the fact that we used to play baseball, but unquestionably not as well as we think we used to play it; and, two, because Ernie Quigley, dean of the National League umpiring staff, selected the All-Star National League team which appears in connection with this article.

Now, the trouble with the Quigley angle is that we knew him when. And, although we have seen him on every National League diamond from Boston to St. Louis, we have never managed to associate him completely with his baseball surroundings: pointing with this hand or that and being firm with young

men skeptical of his judgment and far from satisfied with his vision.

Instead, the writer, not as incongruously as it might appear, turns backward over almost three decades and conjures up Mr. Quigley, not standing statuesquely behind home plate, but toppling from the steps of a car attached to a Union Pacific train.

It was in the days when Mr. Quigley was the football coach at what was then St. Mary's College in Kansas, and the writer was a thirteen-year-old brat getting larruped about four times weekly for being caught smoking on that splendid educational institution's handball alleys, receiving such education as could be imparted to him when the pain had ebbed away.

The occasion of Mr. Quigley's great tragedy was, oddly enough, a triumph. For the St. Mary's football team that afternoon had scored on the University of Kansas. It hadn't scored enough, it must be confessed, but that was beside the point.

The student body—at least the body had a leaven of students—proceeded to go off the reservation completely, and proceeded, in mob formation, to meet Quig and his homing heroes.

The shock must have been too great for Mr. Quigley. As the vestibule door was opened by the porter, Quig opened his mouth in surprise as the cheers rose. And he must have closed his eyes, for he missed the step, landed on the station platform and soon after in the hospital.

If Mr. Quigley has closed his eyes since, except when caparisoned in robes de nuit, no one has proved it; certainly not a ballplayer.

Certain persons, who would seem to be of the type who take advantage of innocence, suggested a couple of weeks ago a sort of game. That is, the writer was to beat on his breast, double up his fists and explain in this article why The American Legion National League



Dan Barry



Ernie Quigley





Junior World Champions, the Albemarle, North Carolina, team which won the Little World Series in competition with San Diego, California

All-Stars, selected by Mr. Quigley, would defeat the American Legion American League All-Stars, selected by Dan Barry.

The case of the American League was to be argued by another unsuspecting sports editor, from an American League bailiwick, inasmuch as the writer is from Cincinnati, the home of the Cincinnati Reds.

But no, thank you. That would have involved experting. And having always been wrong when it came to experting on matters that could be proved, such as prize fights, World Series, etc., we were in no mood to expert on something that couldn't be proved—a mythical game between a couple of mythical aggregations scattered all over the country.

Anyway, it appears to us that the teams, actually, are pretty evenly matched, not in all departments, but in total strength.

For example, the National League All-Star mound staff, consisting

of Jim Tobin, of Boston, and Kirby Higbe, of Brooklyn, and Ken Raffensberger of the Cubs, probably doesn't come up to the American League All-Star pitching brigade that is headed by the great Bob Feller, of the Cleveland Indians, and includes John Rigney of the White Sox and Hal Newhouser of the Detroit Tigers.

Feller happens to have the qualities that, barring an almost impossible wash-

out, should make him a diamond great, not of last year and the year before, but of all time.

On the other hand, in the catching department, it is a question whether Birdie Tebbetts, of the American Leaguers, notwithstanding his enthusiasm, his constantly increasing knowledge of how to handle pitchers and a throwing arm that makes opposition attempts at stealing bases very precarious, is quite up to Mickey Owens of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Owens can backstop like nobody's business and he can hit when hits matter. It is generally known in baseball circles that Larry MacPhail, of the Dodgers, is depending on the added strength that Mickey will bring to Flatbush to win the 1941 National League pennant.

Owens has another quality that should fit him into the Brooklyn scene as a bride-to-be fits into a solitaire. A fine gentleman off the

(Continued on page 42)

## THE ALL STAR TEAMS

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

*Chosen by DAN BARRY*

*Umpire, American League*

GEORGE CASE, *Washington, C. F.*  
BUDDY LEWIS, *Washington, 3 B.*  
WALTER JUDNICH, *St. Louis, L. F.*  
TED WILLIAMS, *Boston, R. F.*  
JOE GORDON, *New York, S. S.*  
BOBBY DOERR, *Boston, 2 B.*  
CHUBBY DEAN, *Philadelphia, 1 B.*  
MIKE TRESH, *Chicago, C.*  
BIRDIE TEBBETTS, *Detroit, C.*  
BOB FELLER, *Cleveland, P.*  
JOHN RIGNEY, *Chicago, P.*  
HAL NEWHOUSER, *Detroit, P.*

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

*Chosen by ERNIE QUIGLEY*

*Umpire, National League*

DOMINIC DALLESANDRO, *Chicago, R. F.*  
CHARLIE GILBERT, *Brooklyn, L. F.*  
EDDIE JOOST, *Cincinnati, 2 B.*  
MYRON MCCORMICK, *Cincinnati, C. F.*  
PHIL CAVARRETTA, *Chicago, 1 B.*  
GEORGE E. MYATT, *New York, S. S.*  
LEE HANDLEY, *Pittsburgh, 3 B.*  
MICKY OWEN, *Brooklyn, C.*  
J. C. SCHULTZ, *Pittsburgh, C.*  
JIM TOBIN, *Boston, P.*  
KIRBY HIGBE, *Brooklyn, P.*  
KEN RAFFENBERGER, *Chicago, P.*





Breaking ground for the Memorial Museum of The American Legion at Newport News, Virginia—a building that will house an internationally-known collection of World War weapons and equipment

SOMETHING more than a dozen years ago the members of Braxton-Perkins Post of Newport News, Virginia, set about collecting a few World War relics to decorate their Post home. It was then the intention to assemble a modest collection of arms and equipment which could be displayed on the walls and about the club rooms, and there was at first no thought of building the collection into museum proportions. The idea, however, caught the intense interest of a group of members who were more or less historically minded and, before a definite plan had been outlined, the relics piled up in greater numbers than could be conveniently cared for. Then another idea was born—the establishment of an American Legion Memorial Museum.

Now, after years of work and planning, that Memorial Museum is to become a reality. The Museum building constructed to meet the special needs of such a collection, located in the city-owned Huntington Park, Newport News, is well under way and before the summer is far advanced its doors will be thrown open to receive visitors who throng to that gateway to the Old Dominion and, for that matter, one of the great gateways to America. There will be seen one of the first museum collections of its kind in the world—the like of which, it

is hardly probable, will ever again be duplicated.

The Memorial Museum is dedicated not only to the soldier sons of Virginia who served their flag during the World War, but it is also dedicated to the soldier sons of other States who passed through the port of Newport News during the period of 1917 to 1919 en route to or returning from overseas; 702,966 men, in exact numbers, who came from every State in the American Union. In that sense the Virginia museum has been



established as a national memorial.

The museum collection is all embracing, running the entire scale from buttons and mess gear to 8-inch howitzers and seven-ton whippet tanks, all of which grew from the idea of gathering a few relics to decorate a Legion hall. On January 1, 1936, after the collection had outgrown the Post facilities to care for it, an inventory was taken—there were then 1,292 pieces, large and small, on hand. The group most interested in forming the collection, headed by George Collings, were confirmed in the conviction that some effort should be made to provide for the permanent preservation of the collection, and that it should be made available to the general public.

The first step, it seemed, was to obtain the approval of the Department of Virginia for the creation of a Virginia Legion Museum and to get the state organization behind the movement. That was accomplished at the Department Convention held at Roanoke in 1936 when Past Department Commander John





J. Wicker, Jr., introduced a resolution creating such a memorial and pledging the support of the Department. But another obstacle arose; more funds were needed than could be supplied from Legion sources, so Comrade Collings, who had been named State Director, and the committee in charge turned to the State of Virginia for some financial assistance. Again it was Legionnaire Wicker who took charge of the bill and guided it through to an ultimate appropriation of \$15,000, though it took three Legislatures, spaced two years apart, to do it. The City of Newport News, on a referendum approved by the voters, appropriated the sum of \$14,995 to apply on the building. The money made available, it was not until January 11, 1941, that all preliminaries were completed and ground was broken for the construction

Past Commander of Braxton-Perkins Post, assumed the contract to erect the building at a cost substantially lower than any other bidder.

How was this collection brought together? That's a story, a long one and a very good one. The inventory of January, 1936, set a measure for what could be accomplished if Director Collings and his group worked hard enough at the job. They did work, and the museum with its tanks, big guns, little guns, trucks, and on down the scale to pigeon coops, medals and buttons is a monument to their energy and, one might say, ingenuity. The collection cost money to assemble, even though the major portion of pieces in the collection were contributed. To meet that emergency, the Director and committee arranged with the Roosevelt Steamship Line for free



Charlottesville and Albemarle Post won the silver cup offered by the Forty 'n' Eight to membership champ of 7th Virginia District. Below, members of William Leach Post, Olympia, Washington, planted rhododendrons on the Capitol grounds

transportation of freight placed on the dock at Le Havre, France, and with the Black Diamond Steamship Line for pieces from the docks at Antwerp, Belgium. Some American railways extended like courtesies, thus overcoming one of the major costs in getting heavy pieces to Newport News. Director Collings made a tour of Europe in 1937, collecting and arranging for shipment. Other important exhibits were secured through the good offices of Senator Harry Flood Byrd, who contacted the embassies in Washington. The inventories of every American fort, post, depot and arsenal were inspected by the Museum Committee and application was made for all surplus material relating to the war. Other contributions came from Legionnaires and their families, rounding out what is claimed to be the most complete museum of World War military equipment in America, if not in the world.

Just to give an idea of some of the things the Virginia Memorial Museum will show when its doors are thrown open to visitors, there are thirty-two different types of machine guns; 117 different kinds of rifles; tanks; eight-inch howitzers down to trench mortars; Liberty and F. W. D. trucks; uniforms of all the

of the specially designed building.

Built to house an unusual collection, the building itself is constructed along unusual lines; a brick and concrete structure 150 feet long by 50 feet wide, without a stick of wood in it, and therefore absolutely fireproof. It is also without windows, all light comes in from the roof, so arranged that the direct rays strike at a point three feet above the floor. Two sets of steel doors make it semi-burglar-proof, providing against theft of portable pieces and items of great intrinsic value. The plans and specifications were furnished without cost to the committee by Homer L. Ferguson, President of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, and were made in the shipyards by men who had designed museum buildings for the great Huntington Estate in California and elsewhere. Ralph G. Newsome, a





Allies; medals; five types of pigeon coops; mess gear; rolling kitchens; medical equipment; operating tables and surgical instruments; signal equipment, and on through the list of all sorts of things used by troops during the war. In fact this museum has set as its objective the presentation of a cross-section of World War weapons, tools and auxiliary agents.

Director Collings admits that some foreign museums excel the Virginia collection in uniforms and paintings, but that deficiency is made up by a collection of 115 World War posters, mounted, framed and ready for hanging on the walls. The lack of uniforms can be made up later, but Europe will prove a poor hunting ground for World War guns, large and small, and other pieces containing metal, after the conclusion of the present war. All these pieces, if reports are accurate, are going into foundries to be cast anew into weapons of destruction.

The Memorial Museum of The American Legion, Department of Virginia, has been set up to endure through the ages. When the Legion passes out of the picture, all relics and property owned by the museum will become the property of the City of Newport News to be carried on as a memorial. The Department Museum Committee, under whose general supervision the plans have been worked out, is composed of twenty-eight Legionnaires, including Department officers and leaders in the Department. In addition, this Committee has had the benefit of the counsel and advice of an Advisory Committee composed of Senator Harry Flood Byrd, H. L. Ferguson and C. K. Hutchens.

### *"Second to None"*

"THIS narrative," says Donald M. Johnson, Vice President and Historian, "deals solely with the Drum and Bugle Corps of Davis King Summers Post, Chattanooga, Tennessee. It is the oldest drum corps in the Department, and has always been known locally as 'second to none and next to nothing.' Legion-



**"Second to none and next to nothing" is the Davis King Summers D & B Corps of Chattanooga, Tennessee, but when the social meeting of their Last Man's Club is held the wives and daughters attend**

naires who hail from other Departments may remember it, however, as the outfit that marches in mud-splattered, wartime uniforms, with full equipment. Our corps has made all the Department Conventions and more than half of the National Conventions since 1924.

"For seventeen years this outfit has been everything a drum corps should not be. Everybody in it has had his say, abused the Corps and defended it, told what was wrong with it and contributed toward helping it, fought for it and against it. It has had 108 Legionnaire

members, but long ago it was discovered that the greatest thing to be gotten out of the Corps was comradeship. We have never missed a Department competition, and have never entered a National contest; we have always followed the policy of working at our Department affairs and playing at the National meets. So when part of our Corps attended the Boston Convention the part that stayed at home conceived the idea of organizing a Last Man's Club. Now we've got it, with a scheduled meeting every third month; all are eligible who served with the Corps at any time up to November 1, 1940. It's still a great outfit and we hope to see you all at the National Convention in Milwaukee next September."



**W. S. (Sonny) Rodgers, Service Officer of Green-Bryant Post, Durant, Oklahoma, carries on his work despite total blindness. His late father, Thomas G. Rodgers, at left, was blinded in service of the Confederate States Army**

### *Still in Service*

WORKING under the handicap of total blindness, one of the most efficient Service Officers in the Department of Oklahoma is W. S. Rodgers, who fills that office in Green-Bryant Post at Durant. Known as "Sonny" throughout the Department, he maintains his home at Colbert, "the only address I have ever had, except while I was in service during the World War," he says, but each day he is driven the few miles to Durant where he keeps his office open and takes care of the problems that confront his comrades. He has frequently been commended for his work in straightening out the tangled threads of many knotty service problems.

The going has not been easy for "Sonny" Rodgers, for during the years when he had full use of both his eyes there was in his home his father, Thomas Guinn Rodgers, who was blinded by infection from gunshot wounds in the face, arm and shoulder while in the service



of the Confederate States Army during the Civil War. It was an odd quirk of fate that sent the son out of the Argonne to spend the rest of his life in darkness.

The father, Thomas Guinn Rodgers, served with Company I, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, from 1861 until he was wounded and captured. When sent home in 1865 he had about .3 vision, but from 1889 until his death he could not distinguish between daylight and darkness. He was killed in a storm in May, 1920, when within a few months of his 96th birthday, while visiting a daughter at Wilmer, Texas.

"Sonny" Rodgers enlisted at Durant in May, 1918, and after a period of training with Company L, 141st Infantry, at Fort Worth, Texas, he was sent overseas and assigned to Company G, 167th Infantry, but on November 3, 1918, he was transferred to Company G, 324th Infantry, 81st Division, and on the 7th, when operating with his Regiment just south of Verdun, he was wounded and burned by mustard gas, with the result that he has been blind since discharge. Some little vision was given him during the late 1920's by an operation, but that little faded after about three years.

Notwithstanding his handicap, "Sonny" Rodgers is still in service.

### *Twin Baton Twirlers*

"NOT that we want to start anything," writes Howard Lore, Publicity Officer of Homer L. Ewan Post of Clayton, New Jersey, "but we believe we have something unique in our twin baton-twirling Junior Band majorettes—the Layton sisters, Elizabeth on the left and Caroline on the right in the



**Elizabeth and Caroline Layton, twins, are the high-stepping, trick-and-chic baton twirlers of Homer L. Ewan Post, Clayton, New Jersey**

picture enclosed. They are fifteen years old, five feet, three inches tall, weigh 103 pounds, have brown hair with a glint in it, and starry blue eyes. Twirlers?—they are champs! Two girls, each with two batons. They led the Band to top place in the 1940 competition.

"But the girls are not the only ones of the Layton family who have some interest in the Legion. Father, Fred R. Layton, Sr., is a four-star member and Past Commander of Homer L. Ewan Post; mother, Mae C. Layton, charter member of the Auxiliary and at present its Vice President; brothers, Fred, Jr., and Boyd, both charter members of the

Sons of the Legion Squadron. That, it seems, adds up to a Legion family."

### *Guam Post Turns Out*

THERE are very few Posts, wherever placed, that can boast of a one hundred percent attendance at any meeting. Mid-Pacific Post at Agana, Guam, had a full turn-out of its one hundred and one members for the observance of ceremonies commemorating the World War Armistice, and to attend a high mass at the Agana Cathedral, writes Adjutant Juan S. San Nicholas.

Mid-Pacific Post was organized in 1930 by Sailor John A. McCormack, one of the early National Vice Commanders,—elected in 1922 from the Department of Colorado—who served as its first Commander. It has continued as one of the active outposts of the national organization, with a high average membership. The 1941 Commander is

M. Sgambelluri.

### *That Record*

"ISN'T this some kind of record?" asks Post Commander Bill Hammond of Lancaster (Ohio) Post.

"We've had twenty-four Post Commanders since the Post was organized in 1919. Twenty-three are alive and are active members. For these and all future Commanders we have an organization called the 'Black Cat Club' which meets, whenever Friday falls on the thirteenth of the month, for the very definite purpose of promoting the welfare of the Post and its members.

"Over the years we have bought and paid for a \$25,000 home and have quite a sizeable nest egg (Continued on page 60)

**Mid-Pacific Post, at Agana, Guam Island, out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, musters a full attendance of its 101 members for Armistice celebration**





# Ships that pass...



The above snapshot of the *Alsatian*, in convoy, was a surprise gift years later to a doughboy who sailed to the A. E. F. on her in 1918

STRANGE, isn't it, how every so often out of a clear sky something will come along to reopen the channels of memory back to the days of our service. Either an unexpected meeting with a man of your old outfit, or a casual conversation with some other veteran from which it will develop that your outfit followed in the path of his in the A. E. F., or vice versa, that his artillery regiment supported your infantry regiment in one of the offensives, or perhaps that you even traveled on the same transport, either going over or coming back.

Such an instance was reported to us recently by Legionnaire E. R. Sizer of 3724 South Thompson Avenue, Tacoma, Washington, who boasts that Company C, 316th Supply Train, with which he served during the war, was "the best feeding outfit in the 91st Division." At the top of the page you will find a picture that Sizer submitted, about which he tells this story:

"The enclosed picture is an enlargement of a snapshot taken by Harry Hupp from one of the transports in a convoy of thirteen ships that carried the 91st Division overseas.

"On a visit to my neighboring State of Idaho a few years back, I met Harry Hupp and we got to comparing notes of our World War service. We discovered that we had both been in the 91st Division and had gone across to the A. E. F. in the same convoy. When in reply to

his question as to which transport I was on I said the *Alsatian*, he remarked, 'Why, I have a picture of that ship that I snapped when we were off Halifax.' He got out the print and, sure enough, there was the old *Alsatian*, with the U. S. S. Cruiser *San Diego*, which led the convoy, showing out ahead.

"The *San Diego* led the convoy, the *Alsatian*, an Auxiliary Cruiser of the British Navy, followed, and the rest of the ships, formed in an inverted V, trailed out behind, flanked by a group of destroyers. We sailed on July 14, 1918, and the following day the *San Diego* turned back and sank off Fire Island Light, near New York Harbor, after either being torpedoed or striking a mine.

"All of the 600 officers and men of the 316th Supply Train were loaded onto the *Alsatian*, as all available space on vessels had to be utilized, but at that I guess we had a little the better of it, as the *Alsatian* was a former Allan Line passenger ship and had quite good staterooms and accommodations. The first few days English navy cooks prepared our chow, but we were soon fed up on their type of grub and cooking, so our officers made a deal whereby the rations were issued to our own mess sergeants, and our own cooks and K. P.'s prepared them. Everything was fine after that.

"Harry Hupp gave me the small negative of this picture and I had some





enlarged prints made, which provided me also with a negative of the enlargement. If any of the old 316th Supply Train gang wants a copy of the picture, I can get them printed and mailed for about two bits a picture.

"We landed in Liverpool, England, went by train to Southampton, rested there three days and crossed the Channel at night, landing at Cherbourg. Another few days' rest there, then by train to the Haute Marne, where we trained for a month or so, and then into the St. Mihiel Drive, in support. Then around into the Meuse-Argonne for the offensive which started September 26th, and finally over into Belgium where, beginning October 31st, we participated in the Lys-Scheldt campaign and were near Brussels when the Armistice was signed.

"I hope I hear from some of the old comrades and also that Harry Hupp, whom I haven't seen for several years and who I suppose is still somewhere in Idaho, will write to me after he sees the picture he snapped back in 1918."

For the record—we learn from the *Report of the Secretary of the Navy* for the year 1918 that the loss of the *San Diego* was due to an external explosion of a mine. The explosion occurred at 11:05 A. M., July 19, 1918, while the ship was in passage from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to New York City. The ship listed to port and finally rolled over and sank, bottom up, at about 11:25 A. M. on the same day. All of the crew except six men—Clyde Chester Blaine,

engineman 2d cl.; Thomas Everett Davis, fireman 1st cl.; Paul John Harris, seaman 2d cl.; Andrew Munson, machinist's mate 2d cl.; James Francis Rochet, engineman 2d cl.; Frazier O. Thomas, machinist's mate 2d class—were saved. Six other enlisted men were injured. On the day following the *San Diego's* sinking, six contact mines were found by the naval forces in the vicinity of the position, off Long Island, where the disaster occurred.

**D**URING the years before our country entered actively in the "war to end all wars," back in 1917, it was the privilege of comparatively few Americans to find themselves in the presence of royalty. The privilege was largely restricted to those Americans who

had the means to visit Europe. That condition, however, changed radically after some two million American "tourists" in service uniforms made the Atlantic crossing and built up the A. E. F. Kings and queens and princes were quite regular visitors in American sectors. The late George V and the then Prince of Wales of England, the late King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, and the late Queen Marie of Rumania were numbered among the royal personages who were guests of American soldiers.

Legionnaire C. L. Herbert of 9 Vanderbilt Place, Woodbridge, New Jersey, can claim the distinction of having performed before the King and Queen of the Belgians when Their Majesties

dropped around for a call—although Herbert didn't seem to be particularly and properly impressed. The picture he permits us to see shows the King and Queen in Chaumont, France, and with it came this story:

"By a rather unusual and devious way, I found myself located in Chaumont, France, seat of G. H. Q. of the A. E. F., during our World War and while there saw many of the royal and noted personages who visited General Pershing. The picture I enclose shows King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium on the occasion of their visit on March 19, 1919. It was taken as they alighted from their car at the Hotel de Ville—or City Hall.

"This is how I happened to be there: I began my service at Camp Dix, New Jersey, with Company D, 311th Infantry. I arrived when the camp was still an infant and our company was used as a policing outfit, cleaning up after the crews of carpenters when they finished a barracks. During the first week or so of service, my captain called me into the Orderly Room to complete my service record and in the process of filling out the form, came to the question, 'Have you any musical ability?' I answered, 'No,' but for some reason he repeated the question and then I admitted that I had played the drums in civilian life but only for my own amusement. He said, 'Well, we'll put you down as a musician, anyway.' I mention this incident because it really changed my whole career in the Army.

"Only a short time afterward a call went out to each company for eleven men to be sent to another section of camp to form what was called the Provisional Recruit Battalion. The idea was to assemble specialists in all lines of work for shipment to France where they would be available for call by outfits which



Royalty visits the A. E. F. The King and Queen of the Belgians arrive in Chaumont, France, in March, 1919, to call upon General Pershing





**Tourists in O. D. visit the emplacement of "Big Bertha" near Laon, France, after the Armistice. The mammoth gun which shelled Paris, some seventy-five miles away, had long before been removed**

needed certain craftsmen. We were sent to France shortly after I joined the outfit and after landing at Brest, were sent to a small town called Selles-sur-Cher. About two weeks later there came a call from the 6th Field Artillery Band for two musicians, and another soldier and I were detailed for those jobs.

"Our band duties were light—a daily rehearsal from 10 to 11 A. M., later at 11:30 A. M. we played for formal guard mount, and then a band concert from 2 till 3 P. M., which finished our chores for the day . . . I had a bit of a knack for cartooning and when *The Stars and Stripes* was first being organized, a staff member of the paper wanted me to go to Paris as its cartoonist. I finally convinced him that I didn't have the necessary experience for the job.

"About the picture showing the Belgian king and queen, there isn't much to tell. Of course we were all excited when we were told that we were to play at the formal reception which was given at the Hotel de Ville, but it all turned out to be the same old routine—the same as when on Christmas Day, 1918, we were called upon to play at the regimental review for President Wilson and General Pershing.

"After the Armistice, General Pershing wished to have organized a top-notch band and while Walter Damrosch, the great conductor, was still in France, had men from different A. E. F. bands sent to G. H. Q. for musical examinations by Damrosch. The men who passed were kept at G. H. Q., those who didn't were returned to their outfits. In this way a band of about 105 pieces was formed.

Some of the band's members had formerly played in the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia Symphony and other renowned musical organizations. I was a member of that part of the band

known as the Field Music and did not have to take the examination, so stayed on with the new band.

"After the new band was fully organized, we were taken to Paris and stayed there for about two weeks, during which time we played a number of concerts at the Paris Opera House, the Palais de Glace and other places. Our band was called upon to play when the formal entrance of the Allied troops into Metz took place. [See *We Were in Metz*, page 12 of this issue.—Ed.]

"The entire band was finally brought back to the States, arriving the day before Easter, 1919. We made a two-

months' tour of all the big cities from Boston as far west as Chicago, including Cincinnati and Louisville, Kentucky. We were in New York City twice during the tour, playing at the old Hippodrome. During the tour we were under the supervision of the Fifth Liberty Loan Committee.

"Our tour finally ended in Washington, D. C., when we were given a thirty-day leave of absence, after which we were ex-

pected to sail for London, England, to take part in some sort of a big celebration. We all returned to West Potomac Barracks in Washington after the leave, but after a week or so were finally dis-



**Added to our gallery of brothers-in-service are, left, the Vodicka quartette of Kalona, Iowa, and, right, the Robillards of West Brighton, New York**



charged. I wonder where all those musicians are now—I'd like to hear from them."

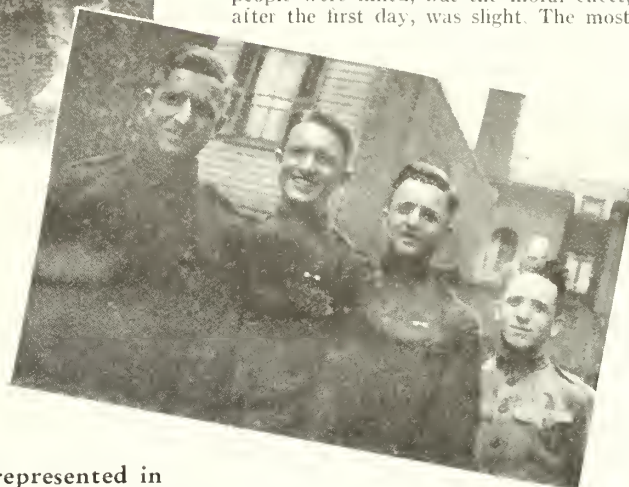
**E**ACH new war—and there are plenty of them right now to choose from—brings forth bigger and better and more horrible engines of destruction. Perhaps the biggest of our particular war, although it didn't prove to be very efficient or practicable, was the famed gun that from a great distance shelled Paris. Everyone will remember "Big Bertha," the huge gun which the enemy used, not so much for its destructive qualities as



and wounding 640. Seven of these guns were manufactured. The life of each gun was but 50 rounds, when it had to be re-bored to a somewhat larger caliber."

Additional data is contained in this item in *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

Big Bertha, the nickname of the German long-range gun (from Frau Bertha von Bohlen, principal proprietor of Krupp's factory, where it was made), which in 1918 shelled Paris from the forest of Coucy at a range of 76 miles. The bombardment commenced on March 23rd and extended over 140 days, firing taking place about every third day; 256 people were killed, but the moral effect, after the first day, was slight. The most



**Other families well represented in uniform during the World War included, at top, the Beardens of Lincoln, Arkansas; left, the Peytons of Huntington, West Virginia, and, right, the Curry family of Philadelphia**

to break down the morale of the people in the French capital.

With the picture of the emplacement of the mammoth piece of munitions that is shown, came this report from Claude Van Winkle of 514 Main Street, Jasper, Indiana, who belongs to the Legion Post in that city:

"I am submitting a snapshot picture of the emplacement of 'Big Bertha' that was taken on April 6, 1919. I am the soldier at the right indicated by the arrow. I also have a souvenir of this noted spot. In the picture you can see an attempt had been made to destroy the emplacement and many rivets had been sheared off—so I swiped one of the rivet heads and still have it.

"I served as cook and dietitian in the Medical Department with Camp Hospital No. 37, attached to the Air Service Production Center No. 2 at Romorantin, France. On April 4, 1919, I obtained a ten-day leave to the French Alps, Reims, Château-Thierry, Belleau Woods and to many of the sectors of war-torn France, including the emplacement of Big Bertha, near Laon. I recall during my visit to Belleau Woods on April 6th, a crew of our men were transferring our war dead to a permanent cemetery near the village of Belleau, a short distance from the woods. On that day fifty-seven bodies had been removed and today I understand the Belleau Woods American Cemetery contains several thousand of our men."

This department itself was curious to learn more about "Big Bertha" and so did a little digging in the Legion Magazine's reference library. The following is extracted from *The Paris Gun* by Colonel Henry W. Miller: "This gun was afterwards known as 'Big Bertha.' It was 120 feet long, caliber 8½ inches, and used a shell weighing 264 pounds. It was fired from different positions, at ranges varying from 56 to 75 miles, and at intervals from March 23rd to August 9th, using 367 shells, killing 250 people

serious losses were caused on Good Friday, March 29th, when 156 were killed or wounded in the church at St. Gervais. The piece was a high velocity gun made by boring out a 15-in naval gun and inserting a projecting tube of 21 cm. caliber which was re-bored to a larger width as it became worn, and by lengthening the muzzle increased the range. The weight of the shell fired was 264 lb. and that of the piece, which was on a railway mounting, 142 tons.

**A**CCORDING to our recollection, it wasn't an easy matter during the training days of our war period to obtain passes or leaves of absence and so we're surprised that so many family reunions of brothers-in-service took place back in 1917 and 1918. You may remember that in the March, 1940, Then and Now pages we showed pictures of the four Burks

brothers of Texas and the four Morelli brothers of New Jersey—not because four men of one family in service was an unusual happening, as some families had six to eight menfolks in uniform, but because we thought it surprising that the brothers got together from different outfits and different camps and had such group pictures taken.

In the issue for October last, we introduced the five Ross brothers of Missouri, and Oscar Gustafson and his three sons, of Chicago—along with group pictures taken in uniform. Well, here goes for another batch of brothers-in-service pictures and stories. First, the Vodicka (Continued on page 56)





# *It's* MILWAUKEE *in September*

(Continued from page 3)

Milwaukee is a city of homes and home-loving people. Beautiful residential districts in all parts of the city bear evidence to that fact. We are proud of being the healthiest city—a consistent winner in national safety and health contests—and, also of having the lowest fire losses in the country.

We are proud of the many parks and playgrounds scattered throughout the city covering an area of more than 1,500 acres; of the educational advantages in city and private schools and colleges; of the Public Library and Museum which has a noted collection of Indian history and Early American characterizations.

It is easy to get to Milwaukee. Its central location makes it easily accessible from all parts of the United States at surprisingly low travel rates. You can come to Milwaukee by an overnight train ride or less; by motorcar over a network of fine interesting highways; by steamships over Lake Michigan which afford ferry and overnight service; by airplane over Lake Michigan or over land and

arrive at a modern municipal airport only three miles from downtown Milwaukee.

The hotels in Milwaukee are all the very finest and the accommodations are ample. The Milwaukee Auditorium and most of the hotels are within walking distance of each other. The city is compactly and conveniently arranged.

Because of the many nationalities represented within the city, Milwaukee boasts of some very fine eating places. From big, comfortable restaurants to small homey, intimate cafes with a true atmosphere of conviviality, we have here good, tasty food of all kinds.

Don't forget that when you come to Milwaukee you will be visiting the State with the finest recreational facilities in the country. Who has not heard of fishing in Northern Wisconsin!

Just outside of Milwaukee, southwest, west and northwest, within a ride of from one to two hours by train or motor car, are scores of lakes, most of them large, and all of them possessing tree-lined shores that are a joy to see.

Within a hundred miles of Milwaukee

is the Wisconsin River, with a range of high hills—a stream more picturesque than the Hudson and with little of its natural beauty marred. Near are the Dells of Wisconsin, a scene of wild waters and weird rock formations.

In Southwestern Wisconsin large hills rise one after another in almost endless succession, presenting a view that rivals the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Sixty miles north of Milwaukee is Lake Winnebago, named after the most eastern tribes of Sioux Indians. It is fully 28 miles long and very wide.

Then there is the North Woods—the home of the pine; the region of lakes without number, lakes that teem with game fish, a territory alive with streams and seething falls.

This is only a brief summary of the vacation lure in Wisconsin—of which Milwaukee is the gateway.

By all means let me urge you now to visit Milwaukee in September—attend the great Legion reunion.

In Milwaukee—democracy is alive—ours is a typical American city developed by the zeal and enthusiasm of brave pioneers and carried to prominence and world fame by honest, hard-working citizens whose interest is AMERICA and its welfare.

We'll see you soon—and recalling the campaign slogan—"It IS Milwaukee in 1941!"

(Continued from page 23)

meter guns also largely of World War stock, although new mortars and new 75 field guns are coming rapidly from the arsenals.

Back of these come new types of army corps and army weapons. Antitank battalions, armored divisions, mechanized divisions, antiaircraft regiments, tank regiments, heavy long-range artillery, and finally the might of the air corps.

The purpose of these is to help the doughboy get ahead; in a word they are various adaptations of artillery might.

To gain some picture of their necessity in modern practice, check over the German attacks of the past year. Ahead of the infantry rolled huge tanks, spitting fire and flame from their mobile citadels. Behind the heavy tanks came medium tanks, then lighter tanks; behind the tanks, mechanized outfits with speedy vehicles equipped with various types of machine guns; behind them motorcycle troops also armed with machine guns, rifles, pistols, grenades.

And before the tanks struck, great waves of bombers dived on the French concentrations raining heavy bombs and followed by fighter planes with their machine gun fire. It was on the heels of this terrorizing attack that the armored divisions struck. Plodding along behind all that avalanche of frightfulness came the German infantry to close the deal, occupy, hold.

## ***THE ARMY GOES INTO HIGH***

On smashing through at a given point, the German formations drove ahead. Cyclists dashed on into French territory to disrupt telephone and telegraph communications. Parachute troops leaping from 500 feet, even from as low as 350 feet, seized other strategic points far in the French rear, further disrupted communications, spread wild rumor and played havoc generally. Many a French commander found himself cut off from all communications with his corps or army. Rout was inevitable.

All of this the German machine accomplished with a perfection of detail and coordination that was irresistible. Through long years every contingency had been studied, the answer prepared. If the Germans needed to bridge a river, up rolled pontoon engineers with a bridge all ready to fit this very place and stream. Gasoline supplies came along in a perfect rhythm to keep the steel monsters rolling. Food shuttled forward for the infantry, foot soldiers hardened by past training to cover thirty miles a day on foot for many days in succession.

From that glimpse of 1940 combat, the World War I veteran will see that today finds a much better organized and equipped foe than the one he faced on the Marne or in the Argonne. And that without a similar or equal array of

armed might, any army would find itself in a sorry plight standing against such weapons, training and organization.

All of which gives some idea of the vast job of organizing, training and equipping our own new Army, an Army that must be equal to the task of defending the country against any force that might ever dally with the idea of attacking us.

No other nation on earth could have done what the United States did in World War I: Raise an Army of 4,000,000 men, project more than 2,000,000 soldiers to European battlefields and at the same time organize industry and manpower in readiness to double or triple that force if necessary for war to the utmost. No other nation on earth could hope to accomplish what this country is now undertaking on its own. It is only American initiative, energy, ingenuity, determination and character that can perform this miracle without misgivings as to success, no matter what turn world events later may take.

On successive fronts the job moves ahead. Industry steps slowly but surely into stride. Uncomplainingly and with solemn determination the country faces its necessities. Industry's ablest men are brought into service. All see that today's infantryman needs help, more help, if he



is to defend the country should danger threaten. He must have innumerable motors in which to whirl up to the scene of possible invasion. He must have tanks to meet tanks, planes to fight planes, every manner of new defensive and offensive weapon to back him up.

Likewise there must be protection for civilian populations in these days of the devastating sky marauder. Antiaircraft regiments must be on a scale commensurate with the job of defending our

But gradually all troops work toward that day when their fighting teams can go forth in maneuvers of the higher units. Probably late this spring some troops will be ready to operate as Divisions, by fall, even Field Armies may be brought together for war games. Considering that an Army Corps comprises 45,000 men, or more, and that a Field Army may have 175,000 or more, the chore of shuttling such forces around the maneuver checkerboard is not a

meter or 81-millimeter mortar, a 37-millimeter antitank gun or a new machine gun and his enthusiasm knows no bounds. Crews of these weapons all but take their ordnance to bed with them.

Even our parachute troops are well advanced. The first parachutist battalion, recently organized with station at Ft. Benning, Georgia, is able to put on a first-class attack. These parachutists were selected from soldiers of one year or more of training, all volunteers for parachute work. They have arduous hardening drills as well as technical and tactical training. They work regularly at the adventurous exploit of leaping, in number, from transport planes flying at 750 feet. On jumping they are armed with pistol, knife and grenades; putting their machine guns, rifles and mortars to earth in special parachutes, forming quickly for assault with all weapons once they reach solid ground.

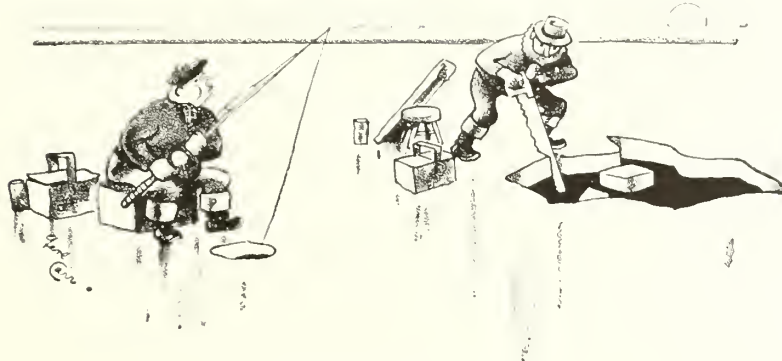
Along with all this training of combat troops is the lining up of service organization: mobile field hospitals equipped with every facility of the modern hospital, engineer battalions and regiments of various types, quartermaster trains, signal corps organizations that utilize every modern method of communication, and smaller service units embodying specialists in every trade.

How ready, today, are the first 600,000 for active field service?

Frankly, not very ready. Germany spent years on Hitler's present army. The United States will require many more months to do an efficient job of it. Rapid expansion is one drawback to early fighting efficiency. All Divisions now in the field are being increased at this moment to full war strength, which means 18,000 for each Guard Division, nearly 14,000 for Regular Army Divisions. Add forty percent of new men, wholly untrained, to any organization, and months are required to absorb the influx. Moreover, when the Army and Guard Divisions are full up, new Divisions must be formed. That means the withdrawal of thousands of trained officers and noncoms from existing Divisions to supplement officers drawn in at this late date from the reserve corps for new units.

Supposing corps maneuvers and army maneuvers are held in late spring and early autumn, only the initial 600,000 will be ready for the tests. By late autumn we should have close to a million men in various degrees of training for active service.

But the important thing is that a substantial foundation has been laid for whatever armies we may need, the task moves smoothly ahead under the highly efficient direction of General Marshall and the seasoned experts of his staffs, and 1941 will see coordination shaping up to the final point where he can move and maneuver huge masses of men to meet any threat that may shape itself against us.



"Optimistic—eh, Jones?"

cities. Every modern means of combatting bombers must be organized and made available. Our own sky fleets, bombing, attack, pursuit, reconnaissance, must be equal to the best, or better.

So it is with the end of preparing manpower for all these defenses that 600,000 men train from daylight to dark every day, many of them living in tents through the winter and working on without regard to weather and personal comforts, always without complaint; and for this same mission another 900,000, or more, must report as rapidly as they can be housed and equipped.

For the men as they come into service it is much the same old story of World War I. Basic drill for long, hard weeks, beginning with school of the soldier; how to stand, how to march, salute, care of self and equipment, how to subordinate one's self to the necessity of strict discipline. During this period the soldier learns to handle his weapons, take care of his equipment or shape himself into his specialty if he is not a combat man. Finally he fits himself into the teamplay of his squad, his platoon and company and learns the fire and maneuver of minor tactics. It may be that, by aptitude and application, he wins his first chevrons during this time, or even a chance to qualify for commission. This new Army has hundreds of junior officers who had not donned a uniform one year ago. Thousands more officers will come from the ranks in the future.

Basic training, of course, is only a beginning. But here is laid the foundation of military education for all ranks, education that is never completed since the profession of arms has so many requirements and ramifications that no man ever lives long enough to know it all.

simple one. Imagine taking the whole population of a city of some 200,000 persons on an articulated pilgrimage, supplying them and administering them as they move over wide horizons, fanning them out into orderly maneuvers in which they respond skilfully to the will of a single individual. That gives you some idea of the responsibility of an Army commander.

In World War I the United States had no single Army Corps until the middle of 1918, following the second Marne. Then our First Army Corps was established, under General Hunter Liggett. Not until September did we have a Field Army, of which General Pershing took personal command, later turning it over to General Liggett during the Argonne offensive. The Armistice found our Second Field Army lined up, though not in full flower.

In our new forces, General George C. Marshall, head of the Army and the man responsible for its future, is looking ahead. With his genius for organization and direction and his broad, realistic vision of necessities, General Marshall is laying down his corps and armies. Today, we have six Army Corps well advanced in organization and four Field Armies. Each of these has its commander and staff. Corps commanders are directing the training of their Divisions, field army commanders direct the training of their corps. All of these commanders, without a single exception, are veterans of World War I as are the key men on their staffs. Likewise every Division Commander is an officer who served with the United States Army in the World War.

As for the men who are learning to handle the new weapons, their progress is rapid. Give a doughboy a 60-milli-



## "Promote Peace and Good Will"

(Continued from page 15)

to "practise what we preach" if our objective of "Peace on Earth" is to be reached.

Tolerance and understanding are as essential to nations as they are to individuals if peace and good will are to exist among them.

The American Legion has always advocated maintenance of friendly relations with other nations and has sought to insure a standard of government that would warrant the continued respect of other nations. Its voice has frequently been heard asking for the adoption of policies that champion the cause of peace.

As individuals, we of the Legion have learned by experience the benefits that come with tolerance and understanding. Service in the armed forces of our nation gave to us an indelible education, whether that service was on board ship or in a training camp, on the battlefield or in a hospital, on foreign soil or in our homeland.

That service provided us with an opportunity to learn what goes on in communities other than those in which we had lived and to know the thoughts that occupy the minds of those who follow vocations different from our own. It brought together men and women of practically every walk of life and gave them a common occupation with the same daily problems to face, the same routine and the same duties to perform.

(Continued from page 1)

you," he said, "that American industry will do what it took Germany six years to do, what England has not yet completed in four; we will make America supreme on land, on sea and in the air. And we will do it far better and quicker than any foreign nation ever dreamed we could."

He stirred the conference to frequent applause with his account of things American industry is accomplishing and his appeal to the women to help bring America through the emergency with "no serious losses in our American way of life."

The next morning the conference heard Rear Admiral John W. Greenslade tell of the expansion of the Navy to meet national defense needs. Carl E. Milliken, World War Governor of Maine and Secretary of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, described the work of the motion picture industry in fulfilling its responsibility toward the strengthening of the nation's patriotism and morale. Activities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in combatting sabotage and espionage were discussed by Lee R. Pennington, Administrative Assistant of the Bureau.

The banker's son and the son of his janitor may have occupied the same quarters to find that both enjoyed a like recreation when off duty and experienced the same thrill on receiving a letter or on hearing the bugler sound "Pay Call."

The boy from the farm, perhaps, became the buddy of the boy from the big city and they soon found out that each had formed a grossly inaccurate idea of the other because both had accepted propaganda as fact. When they returned home these boys became ambassadors of good will between their respective communities.

Each Department in its State and each Post in its locality does much to promote good will through its Americanism and community service programs. Sponsorship of Boy Scout troops, annual Boys' State encampments, district and department junior baseball tournaments, oratorical contests and the many other youth activities conducted by the Legion do much to create among the boys of different communities in each State that broad understanding which veterans acquired from their service. Participation in these programs makes for better citizens and good citizenship and that regard for the rights of others which is paramount to peace.

The value of an American Legion Post to its community is inestimable. Tolerance is prevalent within each Post and better understanding is bound to result from the intimate association of the

members who gather at meetings and participate in the Post's affairs. Here again the man of foreign descent may be seated beside the native born or the former captain may be serving on a committee headed by his "dog robber" of service days.

Membership in the Legion extends to men and women of all races and religions, all nationalities and political parties. These veterans who have seen war know best the advantages of peace. They "speak the same language" when it comes to the subject of citizenship and the rights that are due each citizen to pursue his own happiness. Those of a faith or nativity whose people in other countries are now being subjected to the miseries and abuses of intolerance can do much among their own people in this country in teaching them to respect and cherish the tolerance they are permitted to enjoy here.

The right to govern in The American Legion, of course, rests on the vote of the majority. This places an important responsibility on the shoulders of each individual Legionnaire as it does on each citizen. "To promote Peace and Good Will on Earth" we must support that principle in act and deed. We must accord to our fellow man the same tolerance in business and in social life that we ask our Government to use in its intercourse with other nations. We must ask our Government to make as adequate preparation to protect the nation in time of emergency as we have made to protect our own homes and communities against fires or robberies.

## 16 times Right

Two members of Congress, a Senator from the deep South and a Representative from the North, both World War veterans and Legionnaires, then gave the conference their views on America's defensive position. Senator Lister Hill, of Alabama, emphasized the world-wide character of the present struggle and the necessity for all-out aid to Great Britain. Representative Melvin J. Maas, of Minnesota, also urged fullest aid to the other democracies but cautioned against giving up democracy to defend democracy.

An appeal for the strengthening of the moral and spiritual defenses of the United States, from the Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, Episcopal Bishop of Washington, opened the third session that afternoon. The part of radio in building and maintaining national morale was described by Niles Trammell, President of the National Broadcasting Company. Allan Webb, Governor of the Virginia Boys' State, told of his experiences in leading

that American Legion citizenship training camp. Growth and importance of the merchant marine as a national defense arm was outlined by John W. Slacks, of the Maritime Commission. Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, Deputy Director of the Selective Service System, told how the United States is mobilizing its military manpower for defense training.

Many of the state delegations had their Senators and Representatives as guests at the conference banquet that night. Sir Willmott Lewis, noted British journalist who is described as the "unofficial British ambassador," spoke for his embattled country, and Paul V. McNutt, Past National Commander of the Legion who is now Federal Security Administrator, described the program he is directing for improvement of the health, strength and morale of all Americans.

The third day of the conference began with addresses by Miss Mabel T. Board-



man, Secretary of the Central Committee of the American Red Cross; William C. Pfeiffer, Baltimore boy who won the Pershing medal for the best record in the C.M.T.C. last summer; Stuart Johnson, Lt. Col. of Cadets at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and the Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, Vice President of Georgetown University.

The delegates then turned to discussion of resolutions, brought in by Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., Past National President of The American Legion Auxiliary and chairman of the resolutions committee. Resolutions were adopted asking legislation to ban all immigration, including political refugees; to prohibit foreign subversive groups from functioning as

political parties and prohibiting their members from holding elective or appointive public office, and to prohibit strikes in defense industries.

Other resolutions urged continuance of the Dies committee; investigation of questionable educational organizations, subversive teachings in the schools and the use of subversive text books; government recognition of the Flag Code, and registration of members of women's patriotic organizations for emergency voluntary service.

The conference reaffirmed its stand for neutrality, urging Congress to retain its power to keep this country from any policy that might draw the United States into war, and to permit Great Britain to

purchase war materials through exchange of British islands in the western hemisphere.

A continuing program of national defense was asked, with amendment of the Selective Service Act to provide defense training for all able-bodied young Americans when they reach military age.

Upon adjournment of the conference and completion of plans for the Seventeenth National Conference next year, the delegates scattered to their homes to take leadership in similar local, district and state conferences on national defense, through which the call for aid in strengthening America was to be carried to millions of women throughout the country.

## WANTED: Veterans for Jobs

(Continued from page 27)

time he called for help his salary was very small and it was impossible for his family to exist on his income. He now owns his own home, his family is well thought of in the community, and his children are getting the proper education.

There was the case of a veteran who had seven dependents and who registered with the Employment Service as a delivery truck driver. Because of his age, the employers did not think he was active enough for this type of work. Since he had no education, he presented a serious problem. He got a job at \$130 a month, as a caretaker in charge of a building which housed important and valuable documents, thanks to the Veterans' Placement representative.

Another case was a member of the Legion, a statistician who was placed as a statistician and economist at \$3200 a year.

A short time ago a Legion Post Commander notified the Veterans' Placement representative that twenty-five members of his Post were being dropped by a certain Federal Agency because, it was claimed, they were not physically able to perform their duties.

An interview with the chief of the bureau was arranged. Each case was analyzed. The result was that twenty-four men were retained in the service and one was retired since he was no longer able to perform his duties.

Some time ago a veteran called, stating he had three dependents, including his mother who was eighty years of age, and that an eviction notice had been served on him which meant that his furniture would be moved out on the sidewalk. It was a very cold day, with snow on the ground. The Veterans' Placement representative contacted the judge who had issued the eviction notice and he arranged for a few days' delay because the mother was ill. In the mean-

time, arrangements were made with an agency of the Community Chest for a loan of fifty dollars to enable him to pay rent in another place. Later a position was found for him with a Government



"No, sir, it's just the start"

agency as a plumbing inspector at \$3200 a year.

Since 1934 a total of 628 veterans has been placed in jobs in the Federal Government by the District of Columbia Employment Center. The salaries ranged from \$1080 a year to \$5400 a year. The salaries of these placements total \$2,987,062.

Records of the Veterans' Placement representatives in Maryland show similar examples of bringing job and unemployed veteran together.

There was the case of Mr. K, who had studied two years at Georgetown University and at one time had dealt in old books and first editions. He was very much discouraged and said that no one

would hire a man of his age and he had come to register simply because a friend had asked him to. His classification was Cost Accountant, but he said he would be willing to work at anything as he needed money for food. A friend was paying his room rent and he had only \$1.25 a week to spend for food. He had walked about three miles that morning and was weak from under-nourishment. He also said he could scarcely see as he needed glasses but could not, of course, pay for them.

As Mr. K was a Maryland veteran he was eligible for financial assistance from the Maryland Veterans' Commission. The Veterans' Placement representative called the Chairman of the Commission and explained the circumstances to him. He said he would give him a letter to the Veterans' Administration so he could have his eyes examined and glasses prescribed, would see that the money was available for glasses and would include an additional sum to help him until he could obtain employment. In the meantime the Employment Service office was called and asked if there were any jobs for which this veteran could qualify. There was an opening for a watchman with an industrial firm and Mr. K was referred to this job and hired. His employer told him the job might eventually lead to one as bookkeeper, as he thought he would soon have such an opening.

Then there was Mr. L, who came into the Baltimore office of the Employment Service a few months ago and said he wanted a job. He was 49 years old and for the last fifteen years had been "out of work." He had been at one time a journeyman electrician. He said he had made up his mind he would like to get started again. At that time he was living at the Salvation Army headquarters. He had no tools and his opportunities for employment were not very bright. He was given a trade test and the results indicated that he was well informed about electricity, notwithstanding the fact that he had not practiced his trade for fifteen years.

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# WANTED: Veterans for Jobs

(Continued from page 41)

The interest and sympathy of the interviewer were aroused. On the strength of the good showing Mr. L made on the trade test, an employer who called in for an electrician was told the story. He, too, was sympathetic and hired Mr. L at seventy cents an hour, furnishing him tools. He is still employed there.

There was Mr. D, who came into the Baltimore office of the Employment Service three years ago. His mental condition was such that the interviewer feared he would kill himself. He was a civil engineer by profession but had been unable to obtain employment. There was no opening for civil engineer but he said he would take anything. He was referred to a large construction company in the city as a laborer at forty cents an hour, after the circumstances had been first explained to the personnel officer of the company. The Baltimore office checked on Mr. D about a week later and learned

that he had been promoted to assistant foreman at seventy cents an hour. About three months later he came into the Baltimore office to thank the placement officer and to say good-bye. He had been promoted again by the construction company to the position of civil engineer and was leaving then for the South to take charge of new construction there.

Another agency that is performing excellent service in getting jobs for unemployed veterans is the Civilian Conservation Corps, and a few examples of modest "success" stories will help illustrate the extent of its influence.

In a veteran CCC Company in Maryland was found an aeronautical technician who was discharged to work on Martin bombers at a salary of \$2000 a year. Two weeks later he was raised to \$2600 and now inspects airplane parts.

Out of a veterans' CCC camp at Niagara Falls came Mr. A, for whom a job was found in Buffalo as an interior

decorator at twenty-five dollars a week.

From a similar camp at Fayetteville, New York, after two years' service, Veteran B returned to New Haven, Connecticut, with enough money to start a small repair business.

In a Minnesota veteran CCC camp, Enrollee B learned to make snowshoes. He became so proficient that a job was found for him \$100 a month.

In one month thirty-eight veterans at the CCC Camp at Camp Lee secured jobs through efforts of the Committee on Education.

Perhaps enough examples have been given to prove that jobs can be found for veterans. In practically all cases, however, the initial step in bringing job and unemployed veteran together was his registration. The polls for registration are open. Any day is a good day for a jobless veteran to register. Employment Week, May 4th-10th, is the time to concentrate upon such registrations.

## I WOULDN'T CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM

(Continued from page 29)

field, courteous and soft-spoken, Mickey is a game hombre in uniform.

MacPhail, who, usually eager to fight before the drop of the hat himself, became interested in Owens, not because of his ball-playing ability, but because Owens, while a St. Louis Cardinal, tried to lick half the Brooklyn Dodgers, who aren't the sort of lads who retreat singly or en masse. They didn't when Owens charged them, but his gamecock aggressiveness won MacPhail's heart.

If he had to choose a first baseman between Phil Cavarretta, of the Cubs, and Chubby Dean of Philadelphia, a smart manager probably would take the Cub. Cavarretta has been dogged by bad luck, playing part of the time at first and part of the time in the outfield, depending on the problems confronting his manager. But Dean is really a pitcher, inserted in the line-up by Barry when the Yankees let Babe Dahlgren go right out of the league, to the Boston Bees.

At second base, the contest could be called to all practical purposes a draw. Eddie Joost, of the Cincinnati Reds, is improving constantly and certainly did his share for the world champions in 1940.

As for Bobby Doerr, he has been the mainstay of the Red Sox for two years and is a cat at double plays. His batting

has its points, too. He whacked in 105 runs last season.

The American League All-Stars probably have a little the best of it at shortstop. Joe Gordon of the Yankees is a spectacular but certain fielder, covering plenty of ground, and he also is a hitter in the older Yankee tradition. In 1940 he drove 105 runs across the plate.

George E. Myatt of the Giants, right across the Harlem River, is a constantly improving fielder, equally at home at shortstop or second base, and with a stronger team than the Giants probably would have been able to progress more than he did. As it is, he can still give Gordon a run for his money.

At third base, it probably would be a toss up between Lee Handley, of the Pirates, and Buddy Lewis, who, as Mr. Barry points out, was used in the outfield by the Senators in the 1940 campaign.

And, so far as the outfields are concerned, there is not a great deal of choice.

It should be remembered, in comparing the two teams, that both, for the most part, are made up of kids whose best is ahead of them. And it should be taken into consideration also that the standing of the clubs for which they play has much, perhaps, to do with their fame.

In this best of all possible worlds, if

you are pitching or catching for the occupant of the cellar you won't be bothered much at night by newspapers telephoning you for your picture or to ask you whether you think the girls of today are smarter than their grandmas.

Beyond the playing ability of the men on both teams, The American Legion certainly can be proud of the high type of youth that Junior baseball has produced and continues to produce.

Without exception, the men named by Mr. Quigley and Mr. Barry are considerably more than fine athletes. They are fine sportsmen, always on top of the ball, always out to win. But they know they can't win 'em all, and when the battle goes against them, tomorrow is another day. They are fine gentlemen, and fine Americans.

You may say it isn't necessary to stress the Americanization and patriotic phase of The American Legion Baseball program, but I would be faithless to my own conscience if I didn't point out that I think, as a Legionnaire, that the Legion's Junior Baseball program is the finest thing the Legion sponsors.

Study the rosters of these two all-star clubs. Consider the different nationalities represented and the different localities. And then try to think of some other Legion activity that is more important.

You can't do it, comrade—not when you consider American Legion Junior Baseball offers to tens of thousands of lads in their most formative, receptive period, an opportunity to learn under competent, friendly guidance, the high principles of sportsmanship, which, after all, are the high principles of citizenship.



# NO "New Order" FOR OUR SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 7)  
versity," under "American advisors."

Dr. Harold O. Rugg of Teachers' College, Columbia University, is a fellow traveler of Prof. George S. Counts. He is author of the Rugg Social Science Series of textbooks used in grades seven, eight and nine. These books are in approximately 5,000 school systems. Children using the books range in age from eleven to fifteen years.

Dr. Rugg, through an interview, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, October 3, 1940, said:

By this time, counting exercise booklets as well as the large works, about 5,500,000 copies [of all categories of Rugg books] have been sold.

Many parents have raised their voices in strong protest against the use of these textbooks and the accompanying Teacher's Guide and Key, and Pupil's Workbook, respectively accompanying each of the six junior high school textbooks.

Rugg's personal beliefs, his manner of depicting the American Way of Life, and

his program for correcting through the schools the ills that he sees in our social, economic and political life, are vulnerable points of objection. Perhaps inadvertently, Dr. Rugg states that his personal theories are taught through his textbooks. He says this in his *Great Technology*:

It is a truism of educational history that the school program is determined by the theory of those who make it. As we look upon life, so we teach. What we believe, the loyalties to which we hold subtly determine the content and the method of our teaching. . . . Our courses of study, the atmosphere that surrounds our educational work, our statements of objective, our method of instruction—all reflect the general orientation and attitudes toward life which we subsume under the term philosophy of life and education. (P. 258)

The lack of "planning and of central control over the production and distribution of physical things," and "an unfair division of social wealth and income" will be solved as follows:

Thus through the schools of the world we shall disseminate a new conception of government—one that will embrace all of the collective activities of men . . . (P. 271)

In the early twenties Dr. Rugg wrote a number of experimental Social Science pamphlets for school use. These were consolidated into book form as the Social Science Series during the years 1926-1933.

THE *Great Technology* was published in 1933. It was not written for use as a textbook but Rugg's ideas are clearly expressed and, one concludes, serve as the basic philosophy on which his public school textbooks are constructed.

The substance of any textbook material is based, and consequently judged, on the philosophy of the writer. The printed page is the reflection of the author's thinking.

Dr. Rugg has often expressed his beliefs on "private" capital, "collectivist control" and "accelerated change." The Commonwealth of Massachusetts' "Report of the Special Commission to Investigate the Activities Within This Commonwealth of Communistic, Fascist, Nazi and Other Subversive Organizations, So Called," states:

Progressive Education Association comprised Left-Wing groups of education.  
(Continued on page 44)

HOME RUN . . .  
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!



Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY: 90 and 86 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City



# NO "New Order"

tors. Massachusetts' contribution to the committee which issued its "Call to the Teachers of the Nation" was Prof. Merle E. Curti of Smith College.

It [the Association] has entered a revolutionary epoch . . . If the teachers are to play a positive and creative role . . . they will have to . . . take up boldly the challenge of the present . . . and will transfer the democratic traditions from individualistic to collectivist economic foundations.

At the convention of this Progressive Education Association in Cleveland on March 2, 1934, Rugg stated that the three-year "New American" campaign financed by \$50,000 a year from a source which he declined to name, according to the *Cleveland Press*, would be launched to obtain the support of all intelligent liberals of the country. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and the *Press* quoted Rugg as saying that a group of 14,000,000 people would be organized to push President Roosevelt "to the left." According to the *Plain Dealer's* account Rugg went on:

A dying *laissez faire* must be completely destroyed and all of us, including the "owners" must be subjected to a large degree of social control.

Note that COMPLETELY DESTROYED.

Here are more of Dr. Rugg's ideas as set forth in his *Great Technology*:

It follows from these established facts, therefore, that to guarantee a stable and a high minimum living for all, the national economic system must be reconstructed to provide for central control of the whole enterprise, with power to develop a designed system and to provide for its operation by expert personnel . . . (P. 181)

And finally, Dr. Rugg advances his objective and makes it clear that he considers our sacred traditions a stumbling block to his program:

There are huge obstacles in the path of those who create a new climate of opinion in our communities. These obstacles reside in part in the powerful individuals and groups which control the economic system. But they lie even more deeply in the stereotyped loyalties and opinions of the public mind itself. Indeed, it is to the uprooting of ingrained concepts and motives that we must commit ourselves' . . . (P. 188, *ibid.*)

Until recently revised, the Rugg Social Science textbooks presented the Five-

Year Plan of the Soviet Union in a most favorable light.

From An Introduction to Rugg's *Problem of American Culture* (1931), textbook for the first semester of the ninth grade (recently revised), we quote:

... the necessity for careful planning is now beginning to be recognized. Two things help to arouse our leaders. The first was the World War. . . . Hence the whole must be planned.

The second factor was, and is, Russia's "Five-Year Plan." . . .

... So are the number and kind of schools, colleges, social centers, and public buildings to be erected. In fact, *every aspect of the economic, social, political life of a country of one hundred forty million people is being carefully planned!* (Pp. 596-597)

From *Changing Governments and Changing Cultures* (1933), second semester textbook for ninth grade (also recently revised):

"The Five-Year Plan." . . . It is the most daring and at the same time the most scientific attempt that a large nation has ever made *to plan its ways of living*. (P. 437)

There were two aims behind the plan. The first was to transform a backward farming country into a rich industrial one—one in which all wastes in the production and distribution of physical goods would be eliminated, one which would be even more efficient than America. The second was to do away with private capitalism, to set up the completely socialized state. (Also, P. 436 revised edition, 1937)

Most Americans feel that no part of the Russian program has ever been worthy of serving as an inspiration to

our boys and girls. Such favorable treatment of the Soviet Union appears to be a part of a subtle program to divert the thinking of young America to the Rugg theory of a socialized state.

Teacher's Guide (accompanying textbook) says: (Pp 126-129).

We suggest that the new regime in Russia be discussed as a great experiment. Indeed, treat all the forms of government in the world today as experimental.

A central concept of the entire social-science course is "increasing change."

At the very heart of it (Five-Year Plan) is the social reconstruction of the village.

Thus the socialist leaders have exactly the same fundamental education idea and purpose as have the leaders of America, that is, the building up of the culture of the people by the finest kind of education. (Pp. 126-129)

In the *New Era* (England), January, 1938, magazine of the New Education Fellowship (parent of the Progressive Education Association), a report is made on the Australian and New Zealand N. E. F. Conferences in July-August, 1937. Included in Dr. Rugg's contribution is found:

... a revulsion against the mass-production of athletes—a result of investigation which will come as a shock to many advocates of competitive sport in Australian schools.

The experimental schools of the United States were wiping out intercollegiate competition on the sports field, as they were considered to be a pernicious influence in the training of young people and had no educational value whatsoever.

This philosophy is typically Dr. Rugg's—opposition to "individual enterprise" and "free competition."

*Democracy and the Curriculum*, Third Yearbook of the John Dewey Society, 1939, Harold O. Rugg, editor, states that "the American Problem" is:

... to bring forth on this continent



"I did some dental work on a barter basis for a gentleman wearing a turban"



—in the form of a coöperative commonwealth—the civilization of abundance, democratic behavior, and integrity of expression and of beauty which is now potentially available.”

Rugg says this problem can be accomplished by “the American Way.” But “the American Way” he subtly proposes is emphatically NOT the traditional American Way. Rugg states:

... that we dare not longer leave those persons who have happened to inherit a surplus of intelligence, ambition, energy, and other drives that lead to “success,” free to exploit their neighbors without let or hindrance. We must now impose sufficient restrictions upon them to guarantee a continuous operation of the social system and a humane and efficient division of the social income.

How far that social control shall extend and how much it must be accompanied by the socialization of ownership no person living today can now state. (P. 120)

Throughout Dr. Rugg’s publications one inevitably gets the impression that he is constantly and subtly driving toward a socialistic state which can be grafted on American democracy.

Dr. Rugg’s idea of this “social change” is verified in his *Great Technology*:

But to transform our exploitive civilization into a great culture we must unite successfully a centrally controlled technology with representative democracy. We must substitute scientific design for competitive exploitation and oligarchic business dictatorship. (P. 185)

Dr. Rugg calls this “social reconstruction” (P. 185), but analyses show that it sums up to the socialist state. Rugg further proposes government control over private capital for the purpose of obtaining economic security. He would sell our individual freedom and he would eliminate free competition which has made both man and nation in America.

Dr. Rugg’s works reveal that his main objective is to prepare youth to live in his “new social order”—a “collective society.” The practical application of such a theory has been a failure wherever tried throughout the world. Some of Dr. Rugg’s theories on international affairs have been wrong, and he has been forced to revise his textbooks to meet the transitional world order. A good example of this is his forced change of attitude on the Russian situation.

No one, not even Dr. Rugg, knows what tomorrow will bring. Why should millions of our children be educated in a “new social order” for a world which probably will never exist? The traditional, time-tested, and accepted method, based on our ideals and institutions, as opposed to Dr. Rugg’s philosophy of “accelerated change,” is the only truly

(Continued on page 46)



## “Ma Says It Tastes of Coal Oil!”

MA IS probably right. The clerk who had to fit shoes and horse collars, measure out nails and putty, and draw kerosene couldn’t always stop to wash his hands before he handled the butter and crackers. And every so often the potato on the spout of the oil can would joggle off.

Today, for most of us, the mixture of food and kerosene odor has ceased to be a problem. More and more of our food, packed by electric machines, comes to us in sanitary containers. Electricity does the work, too, of washboard and carpet beater. Automobiles and good roads have shortened distances to town and work. And because so many of the unpleasant jobs which occupied our parents’ time are now only memories, we have more opportunities for enjoying life.

Practically every industry in America has helped to bring about this progress. And every industry, in doing so, has made use of the economies and manufacturing improvements that electricity brings. General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen have been, for more than 60 years, finding ways for electricity to help raise American living standards—to create More Goods for More People at Less Cost. Today their efforts are helping further to build and strengthen the American way of life.

*G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

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# NO "New Order" FOR OUR SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 45)

American way of educating boys and girls—the only road leading to the perpetuation of constitutional democracy.

*Building a Science of Society for the Schools* was written in 1934 by Dr. Rugg. It states his ideas on the Social Science textbooks.

He says that "the building of a creative portrait of our changing society" required the help of many specialists (P. 14). We quote:

"Thus the search led to the 'frontier thinkers.' Who are they? . . . They are seldom conservatives, and they are never followers. On the contrary, they lead, even though they may lead mistakenly. . . . One need not follow them, but one ought to know what they have said and done. One need not, for example, subscribe to the doctrines of Marx, but one ought to know what they are. (P. 14)

Rugg states that the "Frontier Thinkers" in "tracing factors and relationships" do so "without regard for the conflict that such a search may set up with prevalent concepts and norms. . . . (P. 14)

(Continued from page 21)

regular school purposes. Such facilities include use of gymnasiums and playgrounds, with provision for physical instructors.

The next group embraces boys in school, mainly in colleges and universities, who will be eligible for military service in the next four years. Boys and girls in grade and high schools form the third group, with stress on periodic physical examinations and ample supervised recreation. The fourth group includes adults, both men and women.

This is a job for the 11,714 Legion Posts and their Auxiliary Units to do in their local communities. They can do it by enlisting all civic and welfare groups for utilizing schools, gymnasiums, public playgrounds, recreational equipment and trained personnel. But, before one goes into that, what is this about having minds and bodies that do what their owners wish them to do?

Back in the old war, a private on guard duty was startled when a Case car, a make popular in those days, hove suddenly in sight and stopped before him.

"It was so unexpected," the buck related, "that I failed to salute the officer in the car. He nailed me at once.

"Why didn't you salute me?" he demanded. And was he sore!

"To say you didn't see him in time

"Our corps of frontier thinkers" included "representatives of the Left and the Right."

Listed among new historians "toward the Left," the names of Charles A. Beard and Harold J. Laski are included. Continuing, "Toward the Left," Dr. Rugg lists . . . "such epoch-making pioneers as Karl Marx and Thorstein Veblen." (Pp. 14-15). The author states that, "The interpretations of these students of the Left were scrutinized" by representatives of the Right, but he further says in commenting on both Lefts and Rights:

These are typical examples of the frontier students of world cultures who served jointly in forming our portrait of modern society. . . . Their generalizations provided a new synthesis of meaning and emotion which became a foundation for our educational reconstruction. (Pp. 15-16, *ibid.*)

Harold J. Laski of the London School of Economics is an alien propagandist—an outstanding and devoted advocate of Marxian Communism.

And when Dr. Rugg says that the epoch-making pioneer, Karl Marx, was among the specialists who "served jointly

in forming our portrait of modern society"—well, what more need one say about this group?

Finally, on page 32 of *Building a Science of Society for the Schools*, Dr. Rugg states that some of the pathways of tomorrow lead to "social chaos and the possible destruction of interdependent ways of living. One leads, however, to the era of the *Great Technology*."

A new public mind is to be created. How? Only by creating tens of millions of new individual minds and welding them into a new social mind. Old stereotypes must be broken up and new "climates of opinion" formed in the neighborhoods of America. But that is the task of the building of a science of society for the schools. And the first step is the preparation of an honest and intelligent description of our changing social order.

So, Dr. Rugg says that the purpose of his Social Science Series of textbooks, in use in approximately 5,000 school systems of America, is to educate "tens of millions" of our boys and girls "into a new social mind" with "old stereotypes" destroyed and new "climates of opinion" installed.

Dr. Rugg's philosophy of a "changing social order" does not meet the challenge of the Social Studies in the school curriculum. The challenge is to train our boys and girls to become useful members of society—and thoughtful parents will continue to insist that this be done in the American Way.

## More power to you, Uncle

would have been just no excuse at all. You have to do better than that. Thinking fast, I said, 'By authority of General Order Number Eleven, sir.'

"What!" he roared, like to bust his collar. 'What has Number Eleven got to do with it?'

"Why, sir,' I said, speaking fast to slur the comma, 'it says "to salute all officers and all colors and standards not cased"—and isn't that a Case car, sir?'

"He looked at me queer. Then he laughed a deep, belly laugh. 'Soldier,' he said, 'you have a quick mind. Your ingenuity is touching and your nerve colossal. We need men like you in this Army. I'll let you off this time. Forget about it.'

"No, I didn't forget about it, not me. It was too close. But you don't key-sack on your high-school team and quarterback, too, without getting the old bean to work fast in a pinch."

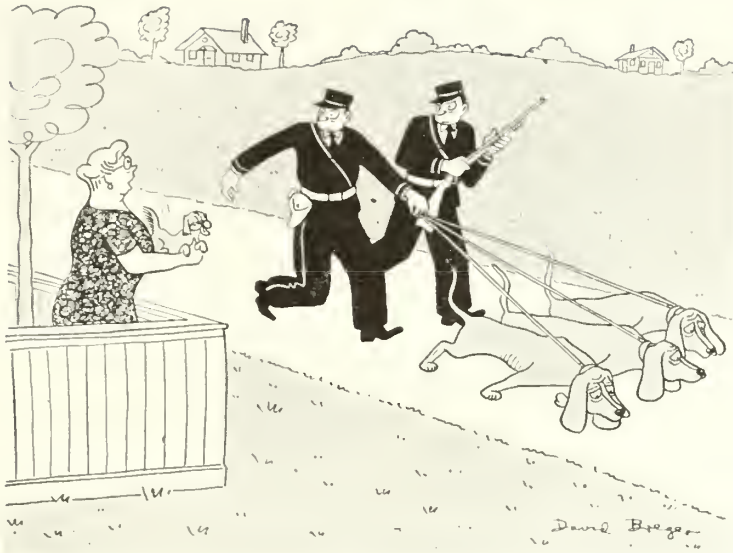
That for having the mind under command. There's a good one about the body too, but it will have to wait.

For the job of starting this three-phase program in the local community, the Post Commander appoints a Post committee. The Post committee invites the

naming of key persons to serve on an advisory committee and coöperate with it. This advisory committee is the hub, the front and center, of the setup. All the major agencies and organizations may well be represented in it: school board, park board, city or village council, Legion Auxiliary, parents and teachers' association, woman's club, Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary, church groups, medical groups, Y. M. C. A., labor organizations. Or the Auxiliary Unit may have a committee of its own working directly with the Post.

In getting under way, one of the first steps is to learn whether the state law authorizes public agencies, as school and park boards, to conduct a program of physical education, health education and recreation, and raise and spend public funds for it. If there is no such law, the legislature should pass an enabling act under which local communities may proceed. Colorado and Minnesota have enacted model statutes of the kind. Many state legislatures are now in session. The proposed law should authorize operation of programs for twelve months in the year, hiring of qualified instructors and inclusion of the cost in the tax budget. It





"Would you mind walking him a bit, too?"

seems likely, at this writing, that the local communities will have to bear the cost.

It would be a mistake to look upon this Legion enterprise as a thing hard to tackle and hard to put over. The plan is simple and cooperation of citizen groups can be counted on to be prompt, hearty and complete. The setup of Legion committee cooperating with an area advisory committee runs in each State

through Department, district, county and local community. An impressive film on recreation, sponsored by the National Americanism Commission, is being shown widely to arouse interest in the program and is being made available to Posts and other bodies asking for it.

The National Commander of the Legion has appointed a committee of three members to outline the three-phase program and help get it going throughout

the country. All the Departments are actively at work on it. Members of the committee are James F. O'Neil of Manchester, New Hampshire, chairman of the National Americanism Commission; Sam H. Cobb of the Physical Education Department, Ohio State University; and Frank G. McCormick, director of Physical Education and Athletics, University of Minnesota.

The Legion's only purpose in all this is to stimulate the various services already doing the work of the program to expand it to reach a greater number of persons. It regards this as an opportunity, not a task. Most people will be glad to help the cause along.

Suppose you, a Legionnaire, are present at a meeting of a school board at which members of the local advisory committee ask for cooperation in the program. A large, poker-faced, pompous-looking school director has sat silent through the discussion. He is a banker and president of the board. No flicker of interest, no smile of assent, no frown of disapproval, has indicated his reaction. You fear he is "agin" it.

You are wrong. Get him by himself. Talk with him. Invite his views and listen to him. And he will tell you how at old Siwash he hit the three-bagger in the ninth, with two on and two down and the score 7-6 against; or, proud as a

(Continued on page 48)

## "THE MONSTROUS SHAPE BORE DOWN UPON US!"

A true experience of W. E. NACE, Tampa, Fla.



1 "WITH NO THOUGHT OF PERIL we anchored our 40 ft. schooner off Tortugas Light, Florida, to wait out a peasoup fog," writes Mr. Nace. "We thought we were out of the steamer lane, when we heard a fog horn, almost upon us!"



2 "A LARGE STEAMSHIP was bearing down on us amidships. We'd be crushed to a pulp by her towering bow! We blew our horn . . . beat on our bell . . . and screamed in unison. The ship came on. We prepared to jump.



3 "THEN I GRABBED our flashlight . . . turned a strong beam towards the oncoming steamer. In nick of time, it changed its course, missing us by scant feet. Thanks to dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries, our lives were saved.

(Signed) W. E. Nace!



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FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE



# More power to you, Uncle

(Continued from page 47)

little boy with a scab on his knee, he will show you his enlarged thumb knuckle and tell you how he got it back in 1902 in an evening game against the creamery nine in Dobson's pasture while catching with the sun in his eyes.

This man was with you from the start. He didn't have to be sold. He has always believed it more important to a boy to have a sound body that he could do things with and rejoice in than to be able to work square root or tell who Romulus was.

A sound body under command? That recalls the story that's been waiting. It has to do with a truck driver who recently worked in Saint Paul but who got out of there.

He had been bowling along with a load of coal when he nearly collided with a light car at a cross street. The driver of the light car got out, a white-collared man a little past middle age. The driver of the truck got out, a big, burly person with a bull neck. He was foaming at the mouth. Here is his own account of what followed:

"What the hell!" I says, and the guy standing there grinning. 'Why don't you watch where you're going?' I says, and then I swings at him, without waiting for no back talk. Oh, I may have been wrong myself at that turn, but at first, you know, you always think it's the other fellow.

(Continued from page 9)

contained machinery designed to establish a vast toy industry throughout the countryside. But they were also warned not to open them until instructors from Berlin appeared to teach them the use of the tools.

Shortly before the invasion of Poland, the instructors bobbed up, the crates were opened, and the contents turned out to be all kinds of machine tools—an automatic screw machine, a drop forge, a drill or punch press. These were set up in barns, sheds, even in homes, and the farmers were shown how to operate them. Next came supplies of semi-finished materials. The rural mechanics were now taught how to make a rivet on a plate for a tank or airplane part, or how to rough-drill a hole in a connecting rod.

These articles then flowed from one farm to another and so on, each farmer performing a specialized bit of work. Previous planning, management supervision and good roads insured smooth operation of what was, in reality, a rural assembly line. The finished parts were assembled in small and well-hidden barns. It did not provide Detroit efficiency, but

"The guy don't raise his hands. He just ducks every time I swing. And he keeps on grinning. So I says, 'Who are you anyhow? I can't hit you!' And he says, soft and pleasant and not mad at all, 'Buddy, my name is Gibbons, Mike Gibbons.'

"Say, I just turns and beats it back to the truck and gets away from there. Me swinging at Mike Gibbons! Gibbons, the fanciest middleweight I ever see! And he an instructor in games and boxing and such in my training camp in 1917! And he calls me 'Buddy'! Maybe he remembers me! So I gets out of Saint Paul. I might meet him again and he'd pull that grin on me."

To feed the people better is one of the objectives of the health-education phase. About one-third of the population is said to be ill fed, for the most part for want, not of enough food, but of properly balanced food; to an extent, a matter between calories and vitamins. Faulty nutrition is held to account for much of the underweight, as well as for many other variances from physical well-being. Nutrition specialists are at work devising improved diets for the Nation.

Futherance of cooperation between educational and medical groups for school and community service is an objective of the general program, as is extension of physical education in schools and colleges.

One of the largest state universities

early made known steps it could take toward applying the program to selectees within its campus. About 4500 men of the campus population, student and faculty, were subject to call. Four lines of service the university could give these men were outlined.

The first was a medical examination, similar to that of the Army. Second, muscular-strength test. Third, a survey of recreation skills, including kinds of games played, tastes, aptitudes, and the like. Fourth, a conditioning process to prepare for life in the military service. This last looked toward helping the man toward that goal of military training—ability "to march fifteen miles carrying a heavy pack of at least fifty pounds and, in addition, take two steps forward and fire a rifle."

After the on-campus group was cared for, the university would consider extending the service to selectees outside the institution, perhaps on a fee basis.

It was said there were more than a score of institutions of college grade in the State, public and private, for which such a plan was workable.

America is not at war. America believes that the best assurance against war is the ability to defend against possible aggression. All that she holds dear is being challenged, "the principles that gave her birth and happiness, and the peace which she has treasured." It is a time for dedication of all the people to the country's service; to take on the armor of God, having on the breastplate of justice and feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. The moment in solemn in the Nation's life.

# Many Eggs, Many Baskets

it gave Der Fuehrer mastery of the air when he finally broke loose.

Britain did it differently—and painfully at first. From 1935 to 1938 she re-armed by building new factories and expanding existing plants, especially in the aircraft industry. She made the additional mistake of locating these units in the London area, with Coventry as a tragic example. In this entire period aircraft employment increased from 15,000 to only 60,000. Not one plane had been turned out by any of the three entirely new factories within two years after the first order to proceed had been given.

In 1938 the British government virtually ordered aircraft firms to farm out a minimum of 35 percent of contracts to plants outside their own industry. In one year the number of men employed on making planes leaped to 185,000. But not until the invasion of the Low Countries in May of 1940 did England go in for "bits and pieces" on a large scale.

After reducing the number of models

from 50 to 12, the Ministry made a regional survey of unused industrial capacity, including garages, hosiery mills, candy plants, food processing centers. Of 6500 small establishments surveyed, 3000 proved able to do precision work on war orders. Subsequently, a system of "Area Boards" was set up to make and keep a permanent and current inventory of idle machines and idle time and idle men. Then they were put to work day and night.

British sources have advised Washington that it was the last-minute, desperate installation of this program, particularly in the aircraft industry, which enabled the RAF to withstand Hitler's fierce air raids last fall. And that may yet prove to have been the turn of the war tide, for it was the conqueror's first major repulse. What troubles he has had began then.

The "bits and pieces" program got its start in the United States on October 3, 1940, although it had been under casual



discussion for several months previously. The September bombings of Britain—and the general course of the war—had alarmed Washington authorities. So, on the third day of October, Morris L. Cooke of Philadelphia, an eminent management engineer, was summoned to Washington by the President. Then the men charged with our national safety—Mr. Roosevelt, Messrs. Knudson and Hillman and Cooke, Secretaries Stimson and Knox—held long and earnest consultations at the White House. Here was the problem which faced them:

Billions in Army-Navy contracts had been awarded to the great, well-established firms, and billions more were scheduled. Their backlogs had become so big that it would take years to fill them with their present facilities, and building new plants would require still more delay. And America could not wait! Washington newspapers were throwing out hot stories to make room for the blackening warning: "It is later than you think!"

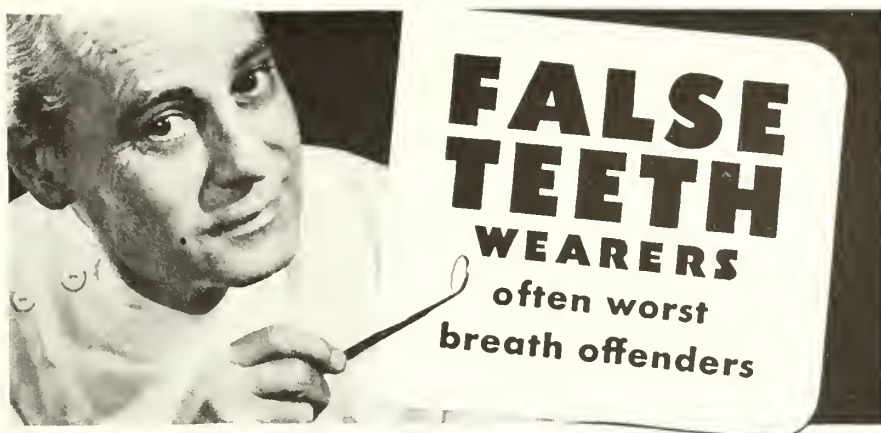
But the difficulties involved in breaking down orthodox ideas and methods of production seemed insuperable in this era of bigness. Army-Navy officers preferred to deal with known and responsible corporations. Organized labor objected to giving government business to scattered plants not amenable to unionization. The larger corporations wanted to hog the gravy for themselves. Small firms had had no experience in dealing with the haughty bureaucrats at Washington. In fact, they stood in some awe of the vast federal machine.

Mr. Cooke had hardly any funds. But he whipped together a small staff borrowed from other agencies and set to work. They read confidential memos and foreign magazine articles on how England and Germany had done it. Then they made sample surveys in areas where they knew that economic and technological changes had created unemployment of men and machines. They came up with the discovery that about 50 percent of America's industrial plant was permanently idle.

Two new tasks now emerged. The first was to convince these small, unorganized, inarticulate firms that there was "gold in them thar contracts." The second was to sell to prime (or original) contractors—and Army-Navy officials—the idea that they should utilize this immobilized "arsenal of democracy."

Mr. Cooke and his staff attacked the new assignment systematically. They persuaded local Chambers of Commerce, American Legion Posts, State Defense Councils, business men and manufacturers to organize on a community basis—to investigate and report on the industrial potentialities of their cities, counties, States. They got the Army and Navy to order their Washington and regional purchasing agents to explain

(Continued on page 50)



## Don't let Denture Breath and stains shout "False Teeth" KEEP PLATES LIKE NEW WITH POLIDENT

A thin dark film collects on plates and bridges. This film soaks up odors and impurities like a sponge! It holds germs and decay bacteria... gets into every tiny crevice where brushing can't even reach. And it's so tough that ordinary brushing seldom removes it.

Almost always it results in "denture breath", one of the most offensive of breath odors. You won't know if you have it—but others will.

Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth without brushing, acid

or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all film, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes your breath sweeter—and your plates or removable bridges look better and feel better.

Tens of thousands call Polident a blessing for convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can cost only 30¢ at any drug store, and your money back if not delighted. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and thousands of leading dentists everywhere. Hudson Products Inc., New York, N. Y.

# POLIDENT

Cleans and Purifies Without Brushing

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



## Attention! Piles Sufferers

The McCleary Clinic, C466 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out an up-to-the-minute 122-page book on Piles (Hemorrhoids), Fistula, related ailments and colon disorders. You can have a copy of this book by asking for it on a postcard sent to the above address. No charge. It may save you much suffering and money. Write today.

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## How I Make \$1950 a Year — in a position requiring no experience

Roy Pomeroy of Oshkosh, Wis., earned \$1950 getting new customers for Jewel routes in 1940. Wm. B. McKee of Des Moines, Iowa, earned \$2715. Wm. J. Altringer of Moorhead, Minn., earned \$2335. Dozens of other men earn steady, comfortable incomes as Jewel advance salesmen. YOU can earn good money too. No investment is required, not even your own car. No experience needed—we train you locally. Jewel food and laundry products are easy to sell. Over a billion cups of Jewel Coffee used in American homes last year. See local manager or write home office today.

**JEWEL TEA CO., INC. JEWEL PARK BARRINGTON, ILL.**



# Many Eggs, Many Baskets

(Continued from page 49)

and whoop up the movement. They obtained the support of organized labor's spokesmen. It was a grand promotion job.

Mr. Cooke went on the air with a speech entitled "Keep the home lathes turning." He sent out bulletins listing the mechanical capacities of ghost towns his scouts had discovered. Here is a sample: "In Western Kentucky. Well-equipped machine manufacturing plant with heat-treating facilities employing about 75 mechanics (including six tool-makers expert on jigs and fixtures) capable of doing highest quality precision work. Working one shift 50 percent. Excellent transportation facilities by rail or water."

The response to the radio appeal was amazing, and, in some instances, pathetic. Several thousand letters written in scrawled penmanship poured in. Men who had managed to maintain a small, family tool shop during the depression offered their services. Others with lathes and drills in their basements only as a means to an after-work hobby asked if they could help. One letter came from a small manufacturer of embalming tools for undertakers. It is hardly probable that such fragmentary aid will be needed except in an all-out emergency, but their names and capabilities have been carefully filed away.

Meanwhile, the "bits and pieces" idea was catching on. It has spread widely since this article was written, but its earliest manifestations were in York, Pa.; Kansas City, Mo.; Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, the New England States. In those places the local manufacturers, business men and bankers surveyed, mobilized and publicized their resources of production, and they are obtaining defense contracts they might have missed otherwise. These initial successes have converted erstwhile skeptics from coast to coast.

Although local factors govern in each instance, the methods and achievements in York are typical. The system here is patterned after the British "Areas" set-up. The Defense Commission of the local Manufacturers' Association first made a survey of 180 establishments. It discovered 1400 partially idle machine tools whose existence was known only to the owners and operators. A central committee then made a "master list" of all this machinery, and kept a day-by-day inventory of its idle time.

Each York plant does its own negotiating with Washington. But if one gets a job which it cannot handle alone, it farms out the unperformable portion to a fellow-manufacturer. A York ice company, for instance, has the only large

horizontal boring machine in this area. Normally it operates only 60 days in the year. But since the "bits and pieces" cast came to town, it has been running daily since last fall, and still has orders for months ahead.

The resulting expansion has, of course, necessitated a hunt for fresh manpower. So they are looking up, through relatives and friends and other sources, young, skilled huskies who have moved away—also older ones. They uncovered a mailman with mechanical talents, and purloined him from Uncle Sam for the duration. They discovered that one worker was doing time for drunkenness in a neighboring hoosegow. They bailed him out. Now he is a sober and industrious soldier of the machine.

Other communities may be interested in the economic effects of this pooling process. According to the *New York Times*, it has boosted 1941 Xmas savings by 20 percent—increased 1940 bank clearings over 1939's by \$6,000,000—brought 17 percent more consumption of electric current—lowered the relief load by 75 percent—caused a payment of old bills and boosted retail sales—enlarged the market for liquor and facials.

The Midwest War Resources Board, with headquarters and industrial exhibit at Kansas City, Mo., operates differently. A non-profit organization founded by the region's go-getters, it obtains contracts from the government and parcels them out. Their original survey revealed so many idle machines in their area as to make the combined capacity equivalent to that of some of the nation's largest factories. Depending upon local conditions, industries may obtain contracts individually, as in York, or the pool with which they are associated may

handle negotiations with Washington, as in Kansas City.

America's No. 1 Rearmer and Production Man—Mr. Knudsen—is an avowed believer in this break-up method. He hammers at it in private conversations and public speeches. He once told a group of manufacturers that no more than 7500 men should be housed under one roof, explaining that for this reason he divided the tremendous Chevrolet factory into six units. With characteristic understanding of the human aspect of the problem, the "Great Dane" added: "Besides, it gets the bosses nearer to the workers."

He persuaded automobile and airplane interests to adopt this theory in an attempt to produce in a hurry those 50,000 planes President Roosevelt promised. They have established an airplane display at Detroit to which the Army and Navy ship their finest fighting craft. There they are stripped down to component parts and inspected by representatives of automobile and other non-aircraft producers to determine if the latter can produce them in whole or in part.

For four months Mr. Cooke promoted this program almost singlehanded. But in early February the OPM made it an official agency under the name of the Defense Contract Service. It was placed in charge of R. L. Mehornay, a Kansas City manufacturer. He has established 36 field offices throughout the country. They will eventually be staffed with the necessary experts—business, industrial, contract, financial, engineering—to make the "bits and pieces" scheme operate in detailed fashion on a nationwide basis.

As in York and elsewhere, each headquarters will survey its district, and keep on file a roll of mechanical soldiers waiting the call to service. Through coordination with the Federal Reserve Banks, they will furnish advice on how necessary financial aid may be obtained from various federal agencies.



"It's my home town but I can't believe all this fanfare is for me"



The Rural Electrification Administration—President Roosevelt's favorite agency—is, of necessity, following the Hitler method in contributing to national defense. It has electrified almost 2,000,000 farms, and many are equipped with motors that can be accommodated to the manufacture of military articles. It has made its own surveys, especially in rural areas, of idle plants equipped with machinery but requiring REA "juice" to make the wheels whirl. It is now providing power to 117 plants engaged in some form of war production—mining, manufacturing, food processing etc.

Harry Slattery, the Administrator, has promoted the purchase of portable, 150-horsepower Diesel engines by farm co-operatives financed by the Government. Eight are now in operation, and 75 are under construction. These will be located in strategic areas selected by the War Department.

These trailer-mounted Diesels are able to provide power to a bombed factory until it can be repaired. They can supply light and water to a battered town or city, as one recently did for a southwestern municipality whose utility services had been temporarily disarranged by floods. They can supply the juice for electrically-operated Coast Defense guns, for airports, for cantonments, for almost any center of military operations.

Indeed, REA rendered such valuable service during the period of cantonment construction that Secretary Stimson sent a letter describing its performance to all corps area commanders. He also urged them to take advantage of its organization and facilities, whenever necessary. It is doubtful if the United States will ever have to adopt Hitler's extreme strategy of improvising weapons. But if we do, the REA will carry a major share of the load.

Many practical difficulties beset the effort to remake the nation's industrial

map, even under the war's impact. Economic and natural factors located our major, heavy industries on the two seaboard, and at such cities as Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis. It is easier to add to them than to construct new ones elsewhere. Problems of supply, labor, transportation and management are less difficult to handle, when concentrated. Many sections of the hinterland do not possess access to railroad or water routes for ingress of raw materials and outbound shipments of finished products.

Nevertheless, Advisory National Defense Commissioner Chester C. Davis—who is also a member of the Federal Reserve Board—has made a beginning. Three great airplane factories will arise at Omaha, Kansas City, and Tulsa, with smaller ones in Texas. One of the world's largest powder plants is under construction in Indiana; Missouri's plane, small arms and powder facilities have been enlarged. About 300 submarines and mine-sweepers will be built on the Great Lakes.

Success in this direction has not been marked, however. Capitol Hill members have charged that the "bread basket States" have been neglected. Their complaints may yet provoke an investigation of national defense operations. Mr. Davis frankly concedes the justice of this criticism. He points out that of 78 new projects inaugurated to mid-February of 1941, only 21 were located west of the Mississippi—and 10 of these fell to California and Washington.

Unfortunately, Der Fuehrer does not seem inclined to give us time to reshape American geography, if we are to become an effective "arsenal of democracy." But in many other respects he has forced us to remake our economic, industrial and military structure in a way that may have vast implications for him and for Uncle Sam—now and in the post-war era.

## *We were in Metz*

*(Continued from page 13)*

special request through the French government that a "picked battalion from some fighting regiment" be chosen.

When we learned that the 131st Infantry had been selected loud whoops of joy rang throughout the regiment. Of course it was a signal honor bestowed upon us. But that was of secondary importance. The principle reason for our hilarity was that we were going to Metz! Actually!

But all was not quite so simple. First, the battalion had to be chosen, picked from the various companies. As nearly as possible only veterans of the regiment would be selected. But a more important factor guiding choice of men was the

condition of our uniforms. For we must look presentable if we were to represent the A. E. F. We could make no excuses for our appearance at Metz.

For three months we had virtually lived in our uniforms. The last two months of the war we had slept, fought, marched and labored in them.

What if we did have to swap breeches and blouses, packs and belts? What if we did strive futilely with elbow grease and dubbin to get some semblance of a shine upon our shoes? We were bound for high adventure! We were going to see Metz!

When Major General Bell, commander of the 33d Division, inspected us he said nothing. But shortly thereafter we re-

*(Continued on page 52)*

# LOST!

37,012

PIPE SMOKERS

*When last seen were  
blindly groping for a  
"different" pipe tobacco!*

Once they try BOND STREET—the truly aromatic blend—most hard-to-please pipe smokers are set for life! That applies to a high percentage of exacting smokers.

Yet—by applying that figure to readers of this magazine—we know there are 37,012 pipe smokers who still have this delightful discovery to make. That's why we urge you to try it.

BOND STREET is rich-tasting—bite-free—leaves no pipe odor in the room. It contains a rare aromatic tobacco not hitherto used in a popular priced mixture. Even the ladies like its aroma!

Buy a tin—today!





# We were in Metz

(Continued from page 51)

ceived some new belts and other equipment. The general was critical but he was wise!

Eventually we were pronounced ready. The scrubbing and brushing were at an end. We were fit to represent the great republic from over the seas. But we entertained no illusions of being paragons of military virtue.

On December 4th we left our stations, 32 officers and 735 men, burdened with heavy packs. We had all our equipment with us, including rolling kitchens and supplies. We did not know it but we were on our way to join the Army of Occupation. Metz, our cherished goal, was just a wayside stop-over.

Through the flat expanse of the Woivre, through towns that had seen fierce fighting a few short weeks before, on we pressed over roads that pre-Armistice rumor had the Americans destined to traverse in a major attack on that very town of Metz toward which we were now marching.

In early afternoon of the 6th we found ourselves in hilly country. Then we appreciated the smooth, level stretches of the Woivre. Heavy packs bit into our shoulders. We were road-weary and crabby. The next hill stood vertical before us.

Someone far up in the column shouted: "Metz!"

Like magic the word flashed along the column. Our weary spirits brightened. We squared our shoulders and eased our packs.

Far below us a city shimmered in the hazy glow. The Gothic spires of a cathedral shot heavenward. The city sat upon several low hills over which wound narrow, crooked streets. Modern buildings vied with ancient ones. The historic moat, the famous rampart and forts and outer defenses of the city, constructed by Marshal Vauban in 1674, stood as symbols of the military significance of Metz, dotting the impressive panorama that lay before us.

We did not pause long. We descended into the valley and at Longeville, a suburb, our march ended. We were assigned to quarters in barracks but lately quitted by the fleeing German army.

These barracks stood just as the Germans had left them, stripped of everything of value and without lights, heat or other equipment. They were a part of the accommodations for the 50,000 soldiers the enemy had quartered in Metz.

And thus we came to Metz . . . not quite! For we soon learned that, although an armistice had been signed, the war was not over. At least, not for the citizens of Metz.

For nearly half a century they had been oppressed by their conquerers. For four years they had been virtual slaves. At last they were free to express their long pent emotions. Repercussions of five decades of enslavement shook the city.

Emigrants from Germany, under patronage of the imperial government, had settled in Metz, opened shops, factories and stores. With the collapse of the empire and the flight of the Hohenzollerns these transplanted Teutons were in a desperate plight. To emulate their emperor and flee meant leaving behind all their possessions. To remain meant facing persecution.

Vindictive bands roamed the streets we were told, searching for Germans. All Teutonic shops had been marked for looting and vandalism was rampant.

For this reason we were quartered outside the city gates and refused passes into town. But on December 7th we finally entered Metz.

We marched through quaint, irregular streets and down wide, modern avenues.

At the Place de la République we halted. Although long a famous review ground, the plaza has only a limited space for the movement of large bodies of troops. It is less than a city block in area.

General De Maud'huy and his staff were ready for us with complete instructions. And how! They merely wanted us to learn French drill regulations!

Well, we were game! Once about the

same number of us were assigned to an Australian battalion and they made Anzacs out of us. Why not Frogs? So we tried it.

Because of the limited space it was necessary for us, after passing the reviewing stand, to swing rapidly into column and break into double time to clear the way for advancing lines.

They formed us in French sections of ten files, single rank at two pace intervals. Or something like that. We started. We got past the reviewing stand all right, as well as the best troop of Chasseurs that ever lifted an Alpine lance. But when it came time to swing into column and break into the double, *voilà!* we were an angry mob!

Even the colonel laughed and that *was* something. The upshot of the matter was that we decided to remain Yanks.

IN ONE respect the selection of the 131st Infantry as the sole foreign representative of allied armies was fortunate. We had, through the roulette wheel of military fortunes, served by turn with the Australian, the English, the American and the French armies. Not merely had we been brigaded with them; we had actually engaged in offensive battles with troops from four different countries. The Aussies at Hamel, the Tommies on the Somme, the Poilu astride the Meuse, and the Yanks in various places.

One circumstance coincidental with the Metz affair was indeed striking. The ceremonies took place on December 8th, and that day happened to be the 63d birthday of the commander of the provisional battalion.

The late Joseph B. Sanborn, Colonel of the 131st Infantry, A.E.F., was no ordinary soldier. Frail, below average in height, with thin gray hair, defective sight and lamed as the result of a broken leg, his physique anything but that of a soldier, he, at an age when most men are content to toast their shins by the fire, was leading a fighting regiment in the world's most terrific war. The exact antithesis of Pershing's ideal line officer in physical qualifications, he compiled a record that challenges the best.

He was decorated six times by four nations, British, French, Belgian and his own.

Such was the man before whom we gathered in the crisp dawn of December 8th, prepared for inspection. That it was his birthday few if any of us knew. If he had any thoughts other than that the battalion should not fail to honor the A.E.F. by its showing, he did not display them.

With his usual cantankerous criticism he inspected every man. His sharp, complaining voice whined above the bustle of preparations.

On that bleak December morning he made us feel that we were soldiers. Not so much by what he said, but by what he did, what he was.

Don't look so scared, fellas - I'm not intendin' to read the whole report - just a few excerpts!!





We swung into column up a rough, cobbled street. We had no band to lead us but we needed none. The very music of liberty beat in our souls. Representatives of a land whose proud boast is freedom, we were to help celebrate the restored liberty of an oppressed people.

Something of the spirit of Metz, of Alsace-Lorraine surged through us as we swept along. Flags, gay bits of bunting, secretly possessed for years, heirlooms of a better day, fluttered from windows, trees and doorways. Everywhere the French tricolor brightened the gloom of a somber day. We saw little of the Stars and Stripes save at the head of our own column. We were the unknown quantity in the equation of Alsace-Lorraine.

We were witnessing the formal destruction of that forlorn creature, Alsace-Lorraine; the restoration of two lost children to the bosom of their family. Henceforth Alsace and Lorraine were to

be the French departments, Bas-Rhin, Meurthe and Moselle. The term Alsace-Lorraine was to be but a tragic memory.

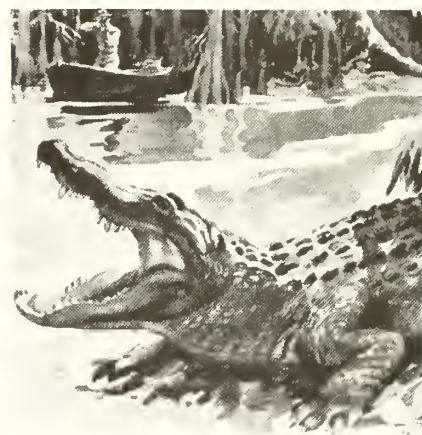
The Place de la République occupies a high promontory in the center of Metz. For nearly five decades the German emperor had reviewed troops there and the cobbled expanse still echoed the tread of the goose step. It is surrounded by imposing modern buildings in front of which stretches a narrow parkway.

As the only foreign troops present we were accorded the place of honor in line. We formed by half companies, double rank, nine companies of nine squads each. All file closers were eliminated.

Beside us stood the American Army Band, Pershing's own from G.H.Q. at Chaumont. Their instruments sparkled in the misty light. Their uniforms, pressed, creased perfectly and spotless, were a distinct contrast to the over-scrubbed,

(Continued on page 54)

## "MY KLEANBORE\* HI-SPEED\* .22 HIT THAT 'GATOR LIKE A TON OF BRICK!"



"I found out then how much wallop  
a Remington .22 can have!"

"TALK ABOUT POWER! That Kleanbore Hi-Speed hollow point bullet hit like a bolt of lightning. I'd always known those .22's had a terrific wallop, but after seeing that 'gator fold up, I'll always ask for Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's!"

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## THE LEGION'S BUDGET FOR 1941

In conformity with Convention mandate, the National Finance Committee publishes herewith the budget for the year 1941 as submitted to and approved

by the National Executive Committee at a regular meeting held at National Headquarters at Indianapolis on November 21, 1940:

### REVENUE BUDGET FOR 1941

#### GENERAL:

Dues @ \$1.00 per member	\$1,000,000.00
S. A. L. dues @ 25c per member	12,500.00
Emblem Division	40,000.00
Advertising sales	224,580.00
Reserve fund earnings	30,000.00
Purchase discount	300.00
Interest earned	2,000.00
Interest on Washington building	5,280.00
Interest on Emblem inventory	1,500.00
	\$1,316,160.00

#### RESTRICTED:

Earnings of Endowment Fund Corporation	\$ 165,000.00
CONTRIBUTIONS	
Forty and Eight for Child Welfare	20,000.00
Auxiliary for Rehabilitation	25,000.00
Eight and Forty for Child Welfare	1,000.00
	\$ 211,000.00
	\$1,527,160.00

### EXPENSE BUDGET FOR 1941

#### PAYABLE FROM REGULAR REVENUE:

Administration	\$ 135,835.90
Americanism	40,864.10
Legislative	22,173.00
Publicity	30,473.29
Finance	23,496.42
Executive	105,700.00
PUBLICATIONS	
American Legion Magazine	737,177.67
National Legionnaire	99,336.84
Legion Heir	7,622.75
Rehabilitation and Child Welfare	51,083.67
	\$1,253,763.64

#### PAYABLE FROM RESTRICTED REVENUE:

Rehabilitation	\$ 149,807.00
Child Welfare	112,276.67
	\$ 262,083.67
Less: Excess over restricted funds	51,083.67
	\$ 211,000.00
	\$1,464,763.64
Reserve against membership	62,396.36
	\$1,527,160.00

NATIONAL FINANCE COMMITTEE,  
SAM W. REYNOLDS, Nebraska, *Chairman*  
EDGAR B. DUNLAP, Georgia  
JOHN LEWIS SMITH, District of Columbia



# We were in Metz

(Continued from page 53)

wrinkled olive drab of the provisional battalion.

Thus we stood waiting, a splotch of olive drab blending into a sea of gray-blue. On the fourth side of the square were the reviewing stands and beside them all Metz had gathered.

We stood at rest, idly chatting. Then sharply a cannon boomed. The babble rose to a roar and tiny tri-colored flags waved briskly in greeting the President of the Republic. Alsace-Lorraine was welcoming its new ruler, chosen of the people, by the people and for the people!

Presently Poincaré himself appeared. The troops snapped to attention as his party passed, each regiment in turn coming to present arms. In front of the American contingent they paused.

A French officer detached himself from the group and approached Colonel Sanborn. This was a birthday surprise the doughty soldier was not soon to forget.

Excitedly Colonel Joe dismounted. His helmet slipped down upon his nose. With one hand he tilted it back upon his head and with the other groped for some place to fasten the reins of his horse. The groping hand finally looped them over the snout of a big bass horn. Then he stepped forward to accept the congratulations of General, soon-to-be Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain.

That day, of course, we could not guess that destiny rode with the French officer who congratulated our commander; that he was to become Chief of State of the shattered French Republic in its most trying hour, nearly twenty-two years later. To us he was nameless at the time, another of those severely trim French generals with an unusual amount of gold braid on his cap. Yet a

few moments later we were to witness a simple ceremony, the results of which have played, and may still play, a significant role in the present crisis in Europe.

Pétain took his place as commander of the French forces participating in the ceremony. Shortly the presidential party assembled in front of the reviewing stand. All colors paraded forward, facing the President. Poincaré spoke briefly, then called Pétain forward. By a simple gesture, while cameras clicked and all Metz cheered, the chief executive invested the general with the baton of a Marshal of France.

Grouped in the reviewing stand with President Poincaré were Clemenceau, Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Lord Derby and General Pershing. Behind them were other noted generals and statesmen.

We waited, watched, striving to comprehend. To us in ranks these ceremonies were impressive, reflecting something of the pomp and circumstance of military glory.

A crisp command rang out. The drum major's shako danced a little jig. His bright scepter was lifted high. It moved and a martial air blared forth from Yank instruments. Colonel Joe clucked to his horse and raked a rowel across its flank. The Metz review was on.

Behind the commander of the 131st Infantry marched the American Army Band, crack musicians all, pride of the A.E.F. Back of them rode the staff of the 73d French Division. Then we swung into line.

Double platoon front, guide right! The guide charted a course down a row of flagstones and we were on our way. This double-ranked, no-file-closer formation with seven-pace interval between com-

panies was an imposing, compact body that made an impressive appearance. We swept past the reviewing stand with West Point precision.

The challenge of the occasion had stirred us and we responded. The applause of the people was tumultuous.

Beyond the reviewing stand we pivoted briskly into column, broke into double time and trotted around the corner of the Palace of Justice.

At length the last cart clattered across the cobblestones. The final note of martial music drifted away in the murky sky. From the thrilled crowds came the last fervent cheer. The reviewing party shuffled out of the stand and sought their waiting automobiles.

Into the deserted plaza swept gay throngs, laughing, singing, dancing. Upon their faces glowed the pride that is the heritage of all free peoples. Once more their city was their own.

It is a far cry from that somber, yet glad day in December, 1918, to the fateful days of the summer and fall of 1940. Once more the cobbled area of Place de la République echoes the beat of goose-stepping Germans. This time the uniforms sport the swastika of Hitler. If there is any cheering it emanates from the regimented voice of the Third Reich; gone is that glad, spontaneous paean of joy welling from hearts of a liberated people.

AS TWILIGHT of that brief December day gathered, we waited beside the equestrian statue of William I which the liberated French had thrown down. Back of the statue was a stone wall dropping sharply in a steep escarpment.

Presently a long procession of automobiles carrying the reviewing party streamed down this highway. We leaned over the wall, waving. One of the cars stopped suddenly. A figure in olive drab stepped out on the running board. He looked up at us, grinned. His right hand moved in a brisk salute.

General Pershing had paid his tribute to the provisional battalion.

## The Last Class

*A Translation of the famous Alphonse Daudet Story by Jacqueline Powell*

THAT morning I was very late for school. Mr. Hamel had said that he was going to give us a test on participles, and as I didn't know the first thing about them I was very frightened of being scolded.

I thought of cutting class to go roaming through the fields. It was so warm and clear. You could hear the blackbirds whistle at the edge of the woods and the Prussians exercising in Rippert's field behind the sawmill. All this tempted me far more than participles, but I was

strong enough to resist and ran swiftly towards school.

As I passed in front of the town hall I saw many people stopped near the small bulletin board. For two years bad news had been posted there: lost battles, requisitions, orders from General Headquarters. I wondered what it could be. Mr. Wachter, the blacksmith, was there, and he and his apprentice were reading the bulletin. As I ran across the square he called out:

"Don't hurry so much, little one.

You'll get to your school soon enough!"

I thought he was making fun of me. When I entered Mr. Hamel's small courtyard I was all out of breath. How silent it all was. Ordinarily, at the beginning of school, you could hear a great deal of noise. You know, the usual noises: the banging of desks as we opened and closed them, our lessons which we all recited aloud, always stopping up our ears. You could think better that way. And then you would hear the teacher striking the tables with his big ruler.

"A little bit of silence!" he'd say.

You could even hear this noise in the street. I was counting on it to help me enter without being seen, but it was as quiet as a Sunday morning. Through the





"My, doesn't the water look inviting today, dear?"

open window I saw my friends already in their places, and Mr. Hamel walking up and down, the terrible iron rule 'neath his arm. To have to open the door and enter while it was so still! You can just imagine how red and scared I was! But Mr. Hamel wasn't mad at me as he said gently:

"Take your place quickly, my little Franz. We were going to begin without you."

I stepped over the bench and sat at my desk quickly. It was only after I had recovered somewhat from my fright that I noticed our teacher had on his nice green frock-coat, his fine pleated shirt-frill, his black embroidered skull-cap that he only wore on days of inspection or for the distribution of prizes. Another thing, there was something strange and solemn about the whole class. But the thing that surprised me the most was seeing people of the village seated on the usually empty benches at the back of the room. They too were silent; old Hauser with his three-cornered-hat, the old mayor, the old postman, and others also. All these people looked sad, and old Hauser had his old a-b-c book that was eaten at the edges on his knees. His big glasses were lying crosswise on the pages. As I was wondering about all this Mr. Hamel had seated himself at his desk, and in the same soft and serious tone he had greeted me, he said:

"My children, this is the last time I shall teach you. An order has come from Berlin with the instruction to teach nothing but German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. . . Your new instructor arrives tomorrow. Today is your last French class. I beg you to pay attention."

These few words stunned me. Oh, the devils! So that was what they had posted at the town hall. My last French class. . . I hardly knew how to write! I wouldn't ever learn, now! I had to stop . . . here.

How I wished I hadn't wasted time, or cut classes to go raiding nests or skating on the Saar! My books, which had seemed so heavy and bothersome a little while ago, my grammar, my Bible, seemed like old friends now. It would be hard to say good-bye to them. And Mr. Hamel. . . The thought of his leaving, my not seeing him any more made me forget all the punishments, or his terrible iron rule.

Poor man! He had worn his Sunday clothes just for this last class. Now I understood why these old villagers were there in the back of the class. It was as if they regretted not having come here oftener. It was one way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of loyal service, and to do their duty to their departing country.

My thoughts were interrupted as I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. How I wished I might say the whole long participle rule loudly, clearly, without any mistakes! But I got mixed up on the first words, and as I stood there, uncertain, heavy-hearted, not daring to look up, I heard Mr. Hamel speaking to me:

"I'll not scold you, my little Franz, you must be sufficiently punished. . . That's how it goes. Every day you say, 'Well, I have plenty of time; I'll learn tomorrow.' And you see what happens. . . Ah, it has been our poor Alsace's misfortune always to leave her education till tomorrow. Now those people have the right to say—what? You pretend to be French, and you don't even know how to read or speak your language? My poor Franz, you are not the one most guilty. We all share part of the blame."

"Your parents were not sufficiently strict about your education. They had rather you went out to work for a few extra pennies. And I, too, am I not to blame? Didn't I frequently let you water

(Continued on page 56)

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CHICAGO



# The Last Class

(Continued from page 55)

my garden instead of working? And when I wanted to go trout fishing, did I stop you from having the day off?"

One thing led to another, and Mr. Hamel began to talk of the French language, saying it was the prettiest in the world, the most clear, and the most precise. We were never to forget it but keep it among us, for when a people became slaves, their language was the key to their prison. Then he picked up the grammar book and read our lesson. I was surprised to see how much I understood. Everything was easy, easy. I don't think I ever paid so much attention nor did he ever take such pains to explain. It was as if he wished to give us all his knowledge in one lesson.

After the lesson was finished we went to writing. That day Mr. Hamel had prepared new written examples in large letters: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They resembled little flags that fluttered through the whole class as they hung from the rods of the desks. What silence, as everyone got down to work. You

could hear nothing but the scratch of pens on paper. Some May-bugs entered, but no one paid any attention, not even the little ones who traced painstakingly their letters as if they were still French. The pigeons cooed softly on the roof, and I said to myself:

"Are they too going to be forced to sing in German?"

From time to time, as I looked up from my page, I could see Mr. Hamel sitting motionless in his chair, gazing at everything around him with such intensity as if he wished to preserve forever in his mind his little schoolhouse. Just think, for forty years he had been there, facing the same little courtyard, facing similar classes. Only the desks and benches were more polished and worn with use. The walnut trees in the courtyard had grown, and the hop vine which he himself had planted now wreathed the windows all the way to the roof. How heartbroken this poor man must have been, to leave all his things, to hear his sister moving about the room upstairs as she packed their trunks; for they had to

leave the country forever the next day.

Nevertheless he had the courage to teach class to the very end. After the writing lesson came history, then the little ones recited together their A-B-C's. Old Hauser, sitting in the back, had put on his glasses and with his A-B-C book in his hands he recited with them. You could see that he too was applying himself, his voice trembling with emotion. It was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. . . I'll always remember that last class. . .

All at once the clock in the church struck twelve noon, and then the Angelus. At that moment the Prussians marched back from their exercise, their trumpets blaring 'neath our windows. Mr. Hamel got up, pale. Never had I seen him quite so tall.

"My friends," he said, "My friends, I . . . I . . ."

He couldn't finish. Something seemed to choke him. He turned to the board, picked up some chalk, and wrote with all his strength, in letters as big as he could make them—"Vive La France."

He stayed there, his head leaning against the wall and without speaking signaled us with his hand:

"It is over . . . you may go."

(Continued from page 37)

brothers, as the four men were not alone all in the Army but they are now all members of the same Legion Post. We'll ask Commander Van J. Vodicka of English River Post, Kalona, Iowa, to introduce his quartette:

"English River Post of the Legion, of which I am Commander, has among its membership four brothers who served in the World War. They are Van J. Vodicka and Stanley Vodicka of Richmond, Iowa; Anton A. Vodicka of Downey, Iowa, and Lad J. Vodicka of Berwyn, Illinois. We four are sons of Venzel and Barbara Vodicka, the latter having passed away in September, 1926. I am the present Commander of the Post and Stanley served as Post Commander from 1927 to 1929.

"In the enclosed picture, Anton is in the rear, Stanley at the left, I am at the right and Lad is in front.

"I entered service July 22, 1918, was sent to Camp Pike, Arkansas and assigned to the Infantry. I became a member of the 33d Replacement Company and was stopped from sailing for the A. E. F. by the signing of the Armistice. Anton and Stanley entered service the same date and accompanied me to Camp Pike. Assigned to the 4th Training Regiment, Anton was transferred to the 133d Company, A. R. D., Camp Merritt, New Jersey, embarked for overseas November 10, 1918, but the transport turned back when the Armistice was signed the following day. Stanley was assigned to the 162d Depot Brigade at Camp Pike, transferred to Company C, 4th Training

Regiment, landed overseas October 6, 1918, and was stationed in Le Mans, France, attached to the 83d Division.

"Lad entered service May 1, 1918, was sent to Camp McArthur, Texas, assigned to Company M, 55th Infantry, 7th Division, arrived overseas August 11, 1918, and later transferred to Company C, 20th Machine Gun Battalion."

**N**EXT we have an Army-Navy quartette, the Robillard brothers, for whom Past Commander C. H. Robillard of 86 Elwood Place, West Brighton, Staten Island, New York, will be called upon to act as sponsor:

"Seeing the pictures of brothers-in-service in Then and Now, I am submitting a picture in which appear the four Robillard brothers. Seated, left: Raymond, who served as a corporal in the A. E. F., was badly gassed and died shortly after the war; right, Charles, (myself), Acting Sergeant Major, 418th Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps, A. E. F., who has since held all offices in the Legion in Richmond County, including that of County Commander.

"Standing, left: George, a gob in the Navy who because he was only 18 years

old had to get father's permission to enlist; later in the Navy War College, graduated and then entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, graduating in 1923, served one year in China, and is now an attorney in Hartford, Connecticut; and, right, Greg, lieutenant j. g., Medical Corps, U. S. N., and since service, an outstanding physician and surgeon in Brooklyn, New York.

"Originally I belonged to James S. Slosson Post and eventually became County Commander in Richmond, 1925-1926. In 1932 I transferred to Randolph Walker, Jr., Post, to revive it.

"Greg was originally a member of Bay Ridge Post, where he lived, and later helped organize Fort Hamilton Post, of which he is still a member. George, while at Annapolis, belonged to one of the Navy Posts, composed mostly of Naval Academy men."

**N**OW, although we're letting down the bars a little by using a picture of only three brothers, the circumstances of their service are unusual enough to warrant it, and four were in uniform. We'll let Legionnaire Laua J. Bearden of Lincoln, Arkansas, one

*Ships that pass...*





of the soldier-brothers, tell the story:

"Although I have a picture of only three of us Bearden boys who were in service, there were four altogether who served during the World War. We hold the distinction of being the only family in Franklin County, Arkansas, that furnished four sons for service.

"The picture I enclose includes my two older brothers and myself. On the left is Charles S., I am in the middle, and Luther G., the eldest of the group, on the right. We three all enlisted in Company K, 2d Infantry, Arkansas National Guard, and were called into service on August 5, 1917. After we got to Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, the entire outfit was made into heavy artillery units and we three were put into Battery C, 142d Field Artillery, 39th Division.

"We remained in the same unit until it was demobilized on June 26, 1919, after having served twenty-three months, nine of which were in the A. E. F. We were together the entire time and most of the time while in France we were billeted together. We also got a 30-day farm furlough together. Talk about a family affair! The picture of us was taken at Camp Coetquidan, France.

"The fourth brother, Fay R. Bearden, served in the Medical Corps at Camp Travis, Texas. We are all members of The American Legion."

**B**OTH the Army and the Marine Corps benefited from the patriotism of the boys of the Curry family of Philadelphia. George B. Curry of 2911 Rising Sun Road, Ardmore, Pennsylvania, member of Howard C. McCall Post of the Legion, submitted the picture we show and is elected spokesman for his group of brothers:

"Herewith is a picture of another four-brothers combination—the Curry Brothers of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. From left to right: Samuel J. (now deceased), George B., William J. and Robert M.—three in the Army and one Marine—and I was the leatherneck.

"William J., now living at 1237 South 53rd Street, Philadelphia, served as regimental supply sergeant of the 315th Infantry, 79th Division, entering service September 22, 1917, at Camp Meade, and being discharged June 7, 1919, at

Camp Dix, eleven months having been spent in the A. E. F. Robert M., now of 139 Mill Road, Brookline, Pennsylvania, was during his entire period of service, from enlistment October 1, 1917, to discharge, December 18, 1918, sergeant 1st cl., Q. M. C., with Headquarters Company at Camp Lee, Virginia. Samuel J., now deceased, served as a corporal with the 336th Supply Company, Q. M. C., from July, 1918, to August, 1919, being in France from October 27, 1918, until just before his discharge. I enlisted at Parris Island, South Carolina, August 2, 1918, and served as a private in the 16th Company, 5th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, was overseas from November 3, 1918, to July 25, 1919, in France and the Occupied Area of Germany, and received my discharge at Quantico, Virginia, August 13, 1919.

"We three surviving brothers are all members of Howard C. McCall Post of the Legion in Philadelphia."

**T**HEN we learned about the "Fighting Peytons" through one of them, Legionnaire Thomas W. Peyton, Attorney-at-Law in the Huntington Banking and Trust Building, Huntington, West Virginia. One of this quartette, technically speaking, might be considered a ringer, but we display a picture of the group and give you the following extracts from a most interesting but lengthy account submitted by Thomas Peyton:

"The enclosed camera picture, taken in Huntington, West Virginia, in late August or early September, 1919, shows the four Peyton brothers after they had returned from service during the World War. Three were with the A. E. F. and the fourth, too young to go either by enlistment or by draft, was a corporal in a High School Unit, and is now an officer of the Regular Army of the United States.

"From left to right in the picture, we find: Albert Hovey Peyton, captain, who commanded Company H, 51st Infantry, 6th Division, and saw active service on the Vesle and in the Argonne. He continued in the Regular Army and is now a lieutenant-colonel of Infantry stationed as instructor with the ROTC Unit at the University of Georgia.

(Continued on page 58)

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## TOP KICK IS HELPING COMMANDERS

Post Commanders say they like the Idea of the Month in TOP KICK wherein one of their number submits a constructive idea that has helped his Post.

Post Commanders say they like the high-lighting of the one article in The American Legion Magazine of community significance; discussion of which will pep up meetings.

Post Commanders like the preview of all the articles, stories and features in the Magazine because it helps them judge what material they want to read first.

Post Commanders chuckle over Wally's cartoons because he portrays the funny side of their job.

Post Commanders enjoy the messages from Legion officials because they make them realize we are all one big family working for the same American ideals.

Because Post Commanders are the sincere, hard-working Legionnaires that they are, they want more ideas.

They want to hear how you other Commanders go about making meetings bigger and better.

They want to learn how other Commanders go about raising money.

They want to know how other Commanders help committee chairmen do their work efficiently.

They want to learn everything that will help them do a first-class job.

Send your best ideas to TOP KICK, along with photograph. The best will be selected and printed each month.

## TOP KICK



The AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE  
15 W. 48th Street  
New York, N. Y.

# Ships That Pass...

(Continued from page 57)

Robert Edwin Peyton, too young for service, was corporal with the Cadet Corps of the Huntington High School and finished his academic work at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, where he was cadet major of the R. O. T. C. unit. Upon graduation, commissioned 2d lieutenant, Infantry, O. R. C., and upon completion of medical education at University of Virginia was recommissioned 1st lieutenant in the Medical Corps, O. R. C., and served his internship at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. Was commissioned in Medical Corps, Regular Army, and is now a captain, M. C., at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. [Rank and assignment of these two Peytons may have been changed since this report was received in April, 1940.—*The Company Clerk*.]

John Thornburg Peyton, was battalion sergeant major with Headquarters Company, 150th Infantry, 38th (Cyclone) Division, and was in Le Mans, France, when the Armistice was signed. He is now an accountant at Stanford, West Virginia.

Thomas West Peyton (the writer) was a captain in command of Company A, 802d Pioneer Infantry, served overseas almost a year; now a lieutenant-colonel, Infantry, O. R. C., and in the general practice of law at Huntington.

The Peyton brothers come from a long line of fighting men. Their progenitor, Francis Peyton of Alexandria, Virginia, was a colonel in the Revolutionary War; his son, Thomas West Peyton I, was a captain in the War of 1812; his son, Thomas West Peyton II, was a lieutenant in the Mexican War, and captain of Infantry in the forces of the Confederate States during the War Between the States, and was killed in action at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The latter's son, Thomas West Peyton III, was a captain in the West Virginia National Guard, resigned his commission shortly before the Spanish-American War started and was unable to return for service.

"We four brothers are sons of Captain Thomas West Peyton III and Mary T. (Hovey) Peyton.

AS USUAL, there will be a lot of late-season vacations for tens of thousands of World War veterans this year. The notation on their calendars reads: "Milwaukee, September 15-18"—where and when the Legion National Convention will be held. For thousands of them an extra-special, added attraction will be the reunions of their old outfits, and many of those outfits have long since established a policy of meeting with the Legion National Convention annually.

Just to make things simpler and more

pleasant for the chairmen who will engineer the reunions, G. H. (Gil) Stordock, genial Adjutant of the Department of Wisconsin of the Legion, 611 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has taken on the job of Reunions Chairman for the Convention Corporation. He and his committee stand ready to render all possible help. So, when you report your reunion to The Company Clerk for listing in these columns, be sure to report it also to Reunions Chairman Stordock.

Details of the following Milwaukee National Convention reunions, already announced, may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

Soc. of 1ST Div.—Annual natl. convention and reunion. Dr. E. H. Maurer, chmn., 7139 W. Greenfield Av., Milwaukee.

Soc. of 3D Div.—Annual convention reunion-banquet. Hy O. Hegna, secy., Milwaukee Chap., 3d Div., 1st Wisc. Bank Bldg., Milwaukee, Wisc.

4TH Div. Assoc.—Annual natl. reunion of all 4th Div. vets. Theo. F. Tolzman, reunion chmn., 431 N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) Div. Assoc.—Natl. reunion. Write H. Gordenstein, natl. adjt., 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

31ST (DIXIE) Div.—Natl. reunion. 31st Div. vets write to Walter A. Anderson, secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

81ST (WILDCAT) Div.—Reunion dinner. Write to Jas. E. Cahall, natl. adjt., 625 St. Charles Av., New Orleans, La.

COAST ART. CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion and banquet of all C.A.C. vets. F. H. Callahan, 77 Water St., Medford, Mass., or J. A. Donnelly, 913 E. Juneau Av., Milwaukee, Wisc.

67TH C. A. C.—For details of reunion and for regtl. roster, write Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

BTRIES. A. B. & C, 44TH C. A. C.—Reunion. Write Harold Hallagan, 26 Main St., Asbury Park, N. J.

BTRY. B, 50TH REGT., C. A. C.—Proposed reunion. For roster, write Eugene F. Sherry, 4608 Sylvan Av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—10th annual natl. reunion. Thos F. Burns, gen. chmn., 9100 S. May St., Chicago, Ill.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—22d annual convention-reunion. John M. Kellner, pres., Oakwood Manor, R.R. 4, Pontiac, Mich., or Chas. L. Schaas, secy.-treas., 325 47th St., Union City, N. J.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Write W. B. Robbins, secy.-treas., 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

215TH ENGRS.—Regimental reunion. Write Jacob Lewis, 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

603D (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion. Lewis Nickles, Vets. Home, Waupaca, Wisc.

Hq. DET., 209TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Lewis T. Wells, 208 S. Ben St., Plano, Ill.

307TH F. S. BN. Assoc.—Proposed organization and reunion. Write R. L. Kessing, secy.-treas., 240 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

15TH SERV. Co., S. C.—Reunion. Write Pat D. Morgan, Grayling, Mich.

Co. C, 106TH F. S. BN., LAST MAN CLUB.—Reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Sept. 14. Dave Daley, secy., 6705 N. Odell Av., Chicago, Ill.

4TH G & F BN., CAMPS SYRACUSE AND MILLS.—Reunion-banquet, vets of all companies. Sam S. Gelewitz, 14 Pine St., Hyde Park, Mass.

VETS. of VERNEULL and NEVERS, MTC UNITS 301-2-3.—Reunion and banquet. Rev. C. N. Bittle, temp. chmn., 1004 N. 10th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

MOTOR TRUCK Co. 401.—Proposed reunion. Write Raymond L. Ristaino, Washington St. Greenhouses, Franklin, Mass.

311TH SUP. TRN. CLUB.—Reunion-banquet. Write W. P. McConnell, 2644 W. 122d Pl., Blue Island, Ill., for details.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. ASSOC.—Reunion all CWS vets, USA or AEF. Geo. W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

BAKERY Co. 337.—2d annual reunion. Write L. E. Bancroft, Sudbury, Mass. Other Bakery Co. vets who are interested, are requested to report also.

AIR SERV. VETS.—Reunion of all Air Serv. vets. J. E. Jennings, natl. adjt., 1202 S. First St., Louisville, Ky.

1ST PURSUIT GROUP, AEF (SQDRNS. 27-94-95-147-185-218 & 4TH AIR PARK.)—Reunion and dinner. Finley J. Strunk, adjt., 176 Roosevelt Av., Bergenfield, N. J.

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Kelly Field vets. 1917-19, eligible. Convention reunion. Bill Unger, 5879 Shady-Forbes Ter., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. GEN. HOSP. #30, PLATTSBURG BARRACKS.—Convention reunion all personnel. Write Reba G. Cameron, P. O. Box 84, Redlands, Calif.

QMC DET., BASE HOSP. 14, CAMP CUSTER.—Proposed organization and reunion. Write R. F. McKelvey, Box 271, Helena, Ark.

BASE HOSP. #103.—Proposed reunion. Write John I. Makinen, Rockport, Mass.

BASE HOSP., CAMP LEE, VA., MED. DEPT.—3d annual reunion, Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, Wis., Mon., Sept. 15, 10 A.M. Luncheon at 12.30. G. P. Lawrence, gen. chmn., 3483 1/2 Wyoming St., Pittsburgh, Pa., R. E. Frantz, secy., Campdown, Pa.

BASE HOSP. CAMP SEVIER REUNION ASSOC.—Reunion. Write M. R. Callaway, organizer, Vets. Adm. Facility, Kecoughtan, Va., for roster.

SSU 508.—Reunion. George Jacobs, 1522 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

U. S. S. *Neptune*.—Proposed reunion of crew. A. S. West, 1105 Landreth Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. S. *Oriaba*.—Reunion of crew. Dr. Groesbeck Walsh, Employees Hosp., Fairfield, Ala.

U. S. S. *Plattsburg*.—Reunion of crew. Write John Korinek, 5475 N. 41st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

U. S. S. *Whitmore*.—Reunion of crew of "mystery ship" which patrolled with U. S. S. *N-5*. Write Robt. E. Cooper, P.O. Box 1232, Amarillo, Texas.

U. S. S. *Zealandia*.—Reunion of crew. Leonard W. Wittman, 1906 E. Main, Rochester, N. Y.

NATL. ASSOC. VETS. AEF SIBERIA.—4th annual convention-reunion. Anton Horn, natl. comdr., 10711 Av. G, Chicago, Ill.

LA VALBONNE VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion of all vets of Inf. Candidates' School. Saul B. Kramer, pres., 135 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

## REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

SOC. OF 1ST DIV., IND. BRANCH.—Meeting at World War Memorial, Indianapolis, first Sunday each month, 2.30 P.M. Alvie R. Brenton, pres., 3914 Spann Av., Indianapolis, Ind.

SOC. OF 3d DIV.—22d annual natl. reunion. Washington, D. C., July 10-12. Bill Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th Pl., N.E., Washington. For free copy *The Watch on the Rhine*, write Harry Cedar, 4326 Old Dominion Dr., Arlington, Va.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—Annual natl. convention-reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. John P. Horan, chmn., 6618 Washtenaw, Chicago, Ill.

26TH (YANKEE) DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Manchester, N. H., June 5-8. John W. Dunlap, conv. corp., 72 Elm St., Manchester, N. H.

SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—Annual convention-reunion, Bradford, Pa., July 17-19. All Keystoners should write to W. W. Haugherty, secy.-treas., 1444 S. Vodges St., Philadelphia, Pa.

29TH (BLUE AND GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., Aug. 29-Sept. 1. For free copy *The Twenty-Niner*, write Comdr. Milton E. Groome, 1141 Bladensburg Rd., N.E., Washington. For inf. about 29th Div. Medal, write Wm. C. Nicklas, natl. adjt., 4318 Walther Av., Baltimore, Md.

30TH DIV.—450-page Divisional history available. E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV. ASSOC.—For date and details annual reunion in Macon, Ga., in Aug., write H. M. Watson, secy.-treas., 514 Orange St., Macon, Ga.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Reunion, Springfield, Ill., with Legion Dept. Conv., Aug. Walter A. Anderson, secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

32d DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 30-31. Chas.

Alexander, chmn., 108 N. Forbes St., Jackson. Life membership, two dollars, entitles member to free copy Divisional history. No dues. Byron Beveridge, secy., Capitol, Madison, Wis.

33d DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Hotel Morrison, Chicago, Ill., June 28-29. Write Jos. A. Jaworski, pres., Hotel Morrison, Chicago, Ill.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Annual convention, St. Paul, Minn., in Aug. Write Ed. H. Slater, secy., 2076 Dayton Av., St. Paul, for details.

37TH (BUCKEYE) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-convention, Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Jas. Sterner, exec. secy., 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus, Ohio. The Assoc. will exchange divisional magazines with other outfits. H. O. Roth, pres., 1601 Carew Tower, Cincinnati, Ohio.

RAINBOW (42d) DIV. VETS.—23d annual natl. convention-reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 12-14. Arthur E. Slattery, chmn., 107 McLaren St., Red Bank, N. J.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Spring dance and military pageant, honoring Col. Julius O. Adler and Sons of 77th Vets., Hotel Roosevelt, New York City, Apr. 26. Walter J. Baldwin, exec. secy., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual spring reunion, Capitol Hotel, 50th St. & 8th Av., New York City, Apr. 19. Raymond W. Taylor, gen. secy., Box 482, Closter, N. J.

81ST (WILDCAT) DIV. ASSOC.—District reunion, Chicago, Ill., last week in June. For details, write Jas. E. Cahall, natl. adjt., 625 St. Charles Av., New Orleans, La.

83d DIV.—Reunion, Washington, Pa., city park, June 14. Write John G. Dinsmore, secy., Waynesburg, Pa.

83d Div. VETS. ASSOC. OF OHIO.—For use in compiling history, vets are requested to send all historical data to 83d Assoc. Hq., 312 Akron Savings & Loan Bldg., Akron, Ohio.

4TH INF. ASSOC. AEF.—For brief history, partial company roster and information about 3d Div. Medal, write Sam Kornbluth, pres., 506 W. 213th St., New York City.

OHIO RAINBOW DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Lancaster, Ohio, June 13-14. Jack Henry, 131 N. Main St., Marysville, Ohio.

71ST INF. AND 105TH INF.—Reunion dance, Hotel Abbey, New York City, April 26. John Blaine, 118-20 203d St., St. Albans, N. Y.

312TH INF.—Reunion-dinner, The Essex House, Broad St., Newark, N. J., May 24. Write 312th Inf. Assoc., 620 High St., Newark, N. J.

314TH INF. VETS.—Spring Round-up at Amer. Legion County Council, 3d & Walnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., Apr. 19. Write Ralph Barclay, Eddington, Pa.—Memorial services, 314th Memorial Cabin, Valley Forge, Pa., May 30. Ray V. Nicholson, chmn., 1612 Market St., Philadelphia.—23d regtl. reunion, Lewistown, Pa., Sept. 26-28. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlott Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

Co. D, 10TH INF.—Reunion, Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 10. Alvin Gebard, 1204 S. Grant St., Bloomington, Ind.

Hq. Co., 108TH INF. (Co. F, 74TH INF.)—Reunion, Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 8. Lawrence L. Varley, 733 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.

M. G. Co. VETS. ASSOC., 108TH INF.—17th annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Apr. 26-27. Jas. A. Edwards, 331 Breckenridge St., Buffalo, N. Y.

M. G. Co., 302d INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, North Attleboro, Mass., in May. For details, write Jas. W. McLoughlin, adjt., 100 South Bend St., Pawtucket, R. I.

Co. I, 308TH INF.—Reunion dinner, Augrick's Restaurant, 257 William St., New York City, Apr. 5. J. Steinhardt, chmn., 37 Featherbed Lane, New York City.

Co. K, 308TH INF.—Reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, May 3. Simon Reiss, 105 Bennett Av., New York City.

(Continued on page 60)

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## LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

- J. W. SCHLAIKJER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.  
 HAROLD D. ROBINSON, McIlvaine-Kothe Post, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
 R. WORTH SHUMAKER, Frank Bartlett Post, Buckhannon, West Virginia.  
 RAY TUCKER, National Press Club Post, Washington, D. C.  
 TOM SAYRES, Ford Motor Company Post, Dearborn, Michigan.  
 COURTNEY ALLEN, New Rochelle (New York) Post.  
 ROBERT BEITH ANDERSON, Chipilly Post, Chicago, Illinois.  
 GEORGE P. GILLAN, Omaha Post, Omaha, Nebraska.  
 WILLIAM HEASLIP, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.  
 FRANK G. MCCORMICK, University Post, Minneapolis, Minnesota.  
 ARED WHITE, Capitol Post, Salem, Oregon.  
 PAUL H. GRIFFITH, Lafayette Post, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.  
 NIXON DENTON, Mt. Washington Post, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 JACQUELINE POWELL, Auxiliary Unit of Hempstead (New York) Post.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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## THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT January 31, 1941

#### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 834,657.17
Notes and accounts receivable	68,603.31
Inventories	95,878.94
Invested funds	2,249,964.21
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	209,019.89
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	120,597.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	37,339.62
Deferred charges	29,700.60
	<b>\$3,645,761.38</b>

#### Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	70,299.60
Funds restricted as to use	41,587.46
Deferred revenue	543,681.72
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	209,019.89
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$2,170,180.37
Unrestricted capital	610,992.34
	<b>2,781,172.71</b>
	<b>\$3,645,761.38</b>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

# Ships That Pass...

(Continued from page 59)

Hq. Co. 350TH INF.—An up-to-date roster will be sent to all vets who write to Raymond A. Connor, 1312 High St., Beatrice, Nebr.

Co. M, 357TH INF.—Reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 26-27. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.

3D PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Minneapolis or St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 13. Joel T. Johnson, pres., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

54TH PIONEER INF.—Minnesota Chap. reunion, St. Paul, with Legion Dept. Conv., Aug. H. W. Teichrow, 1738 Hewitt Av., St. Paul.

For membership in Pa. Chap., write Jas. J. Russell, pres., 771 N. 27th St., Philadelphia.

Proposed reunion, New York Chap. Write Wm. J. R. Ginn, secy., 85 Jane St., Hartsdale, N. Y.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Tyrone, Pa., Aug. 3. Jonas R. Smith, secy., 4911 N. Mervine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

59TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—6th reunion, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 27-28. Howard D. Jester, secy., 1917 Washington St., Wilmington, Del.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunions at Newark, N. J., and Spokane, Wash., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. For free copy *The Cannonier*, write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330-180th St., Flushing, N. Y.

BTRY. B, 55TH ART. AEF VETS. ASSOC.—17th reunion-banquet, Hotel Manzer, Boston, Mass. Apr. 19. Jos. A. Murray, secy., UDC, 63 Leon St., Boston, Mass.

BTRY. D, 58TH C.A.C., AEF.—Proposed reunion, Write Irving Laufer, 621 W. 172d St., New York City.

BTRY. D 59TH ART. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual dinner-dance, Builders Trade Club, 2 Park Av., New York City, Apr. 19. Al C. Brown, secy., 2915 Ave. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

71st REGT., C. A. C.—Annual banquet-reunion, Providence, R. I., Apr. 26 or May 2. For details, write Theo. A. Cote, adjt., 140 Bullard St., New Bedford, Mass.

BTRY. C, 44TH C. A. C.—Proposed reunion, John List, Gen. Del., East Northport, N. Y.

BTRY. D, 72D C. A. C.—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Apr. 5. Jos. C. Horsch, 1217 W. 95th Pl., Chicago, Ill.

107TH TRENCH MORTAR BTRY. ASSOC.—Reunion, Antigo, Wis., July 12-13. Amos Maltby, Adjt.-Q. M., Elk's Club, Antigo, Wis.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—12th reunion, Emporia, Kans., June 20-22. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

15TH U. S. ENGRS.—22d reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 26. R. L. Knight, publicity comm., 224 N. Aiken Av., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

19TH ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—21st reunion-banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 9. David Woodside, chmn., 31 S. Farragut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—13th reunion, Seattle, Wash., Aug. 1-3. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 321 36th St., N. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Miami Hotel, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Alfred Koch, pres., 57 Virginia Av., Dayton, or Geo. Remple, secy., 2523 N. Main St., Dayton, Ohio.

52D ENGRS. ASSOC.—4th reunion, Buckeye Lake, Newark, Ohio, in July. R. L. Dungan, comdr., 507½ W. Tuscarawas Av., Barborton, Ohio.

60TH RY. ENGRS. AND AUX.—Reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., July 17-20. D. E. and Eula Gallagher, secys., 821 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

VETS. 61ST RY. ENGRS.—Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. E. M. Soboda, secy.-treas., 932 Roscoe St., Green Bay, Wis.

309TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—18th reunion, Canton, Ohio, Aug. 29-30. Wm. E. Graves, secy., 55 E. Pearl St., Greenwood, Ind.

Co. C, 15TH U. S. ENGRS.—Annual reunion-banquet, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 5. Wm. H. Turner, 125 Montville St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hq. Co., 218TH ENGRS.—Vets can obtain set of forty snapshot prints of former comrades, without cost, by writing to Arthur Thompson, 2104 W. Cermak Road, Chicago, Ill.

211TH F. S. BN.—Proposed reunion. Thos. R. Freeman, 3915 Windsor Av., Dallas, Texas.

304TH F. S. BN. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-banquet, Baltimore, Md., May 3. J. P. Tyrrell, 6144 McCallum St., Philadelphia, Pa.

28TH Co., S. C.—Proposed reunion and organization. Write Alfred W. Cooley, Alton, N. H.

15TH CAV.—Proposed reunion. John Faulkner, Box 62, Moultrie, Ga.

UTILITIES DET., CAMP DODGE—Spring frolic, Minneapolis, Minn., Apr. 19. Ray H. Luther, 538 N. W. Bank Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

308TH M. T. C., AEF.—For new roster, report to Ray F. Schuster, 3704 South Western Av., Chicago, Ill.

304TH SUP. Co., QMC, MADISON BARRACKS.—Proposed organization. O. C. Rober, U. S. Bank Bldg., Portland, Ore.

35TH & 801ST AERO SQDRNS.—10th reunion, Hayward Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 22-25. Dell F. Newton, 1660 W. 56th St., Los Angeles.

140TH AERO. SQDRN.—For time and place of reunion, write Allen J. Hathaway, Shattuck St., Littleton, Mass.

Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH. REGT.—Annual reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 25. For roster, write Clifford R. Summers, 2156 E. Dauphin St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE HOSP., CAMPS A. A. HUMPHREYS AND BELVOIR, VA.—Vets wanting copy of annual, *The Belvoir Bugle*, write Wilfred J. Harris, 1928 Bristol Ct., Scranton, Pa.

BASE HOSP., CAMP LEE, MED. DEPT.—2d reunion-banquet, Altoona, Pa., with Legion Dept. Conv. Write F. P. Lawrence, chmn., 348½ Wyoming Av., Pittsburgh, Pa., for details.

VETS. AMB. Co. 129 AEF.—22d reunion, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Ill., May 17-18. Lewis A. Arkin, secy., 117 W. Harrison St., Chicago.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—Natl. convention, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 27-30. Wayne Simpson, chmn., 14 W. Ohio St., Indianapolis, or Natl. Hq., Albany Garage Bldg., Albany, N. Y.

4TH NAV. DIST.—Reunion, Sewell's Point Base, to be held in Philadelphia, Apr. 25. Write Fred D. Garman, Room 590, City Hall, Philadelphia.

U. S. S. *Agamemnon*—Proposed reunion. Thos. J. Dougherty, Vets. Hosp., Aspinwall, Pa.

U. S. S. *Leviathan* VETS. ASSOC.—Dinner-reunion, Rutley's Restaurant, 40th St. & Bdwy., New York City, Apr. 26. R. L. Hedlander, secy., Chateau Lafayette, Greenwich, Conn.

U. S. S. *South Dakota*—Annual reunion, Aberdeen, Wash., Apr. 5. Geo. O. Hill, secy., 510 W. Wishkah St., Aberdeen.

SUBCHASERS 1-342-343-344-345-346 — 4th reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., May 9. Walter "Buck" Fulmer, 3403 Friendship St., Philadelphia.

GEN. Hq. BN., AEF.—Annual natl. reunion, Detroit, Mich., May 17-18. C. A. Maynard, comdr., 93 Wenonah Dr., Pontiac, Mich.

NATL. YEOMAN F.—Reunion, Childs' Blue Room, 43d & Bdwy., New York City, May 15. For details, write Mrs. Ida S. Maher, chmn., 67 Hanson Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

# Virginia Remembers

(Continued from page 33)

in invested funds. For a Post in a city of 22,000 we think we're good. Do you?"

Bouquets (and brickbats) may be tossed to Past Commander Bill. His address is 203 South Broad Street, Lancaster.

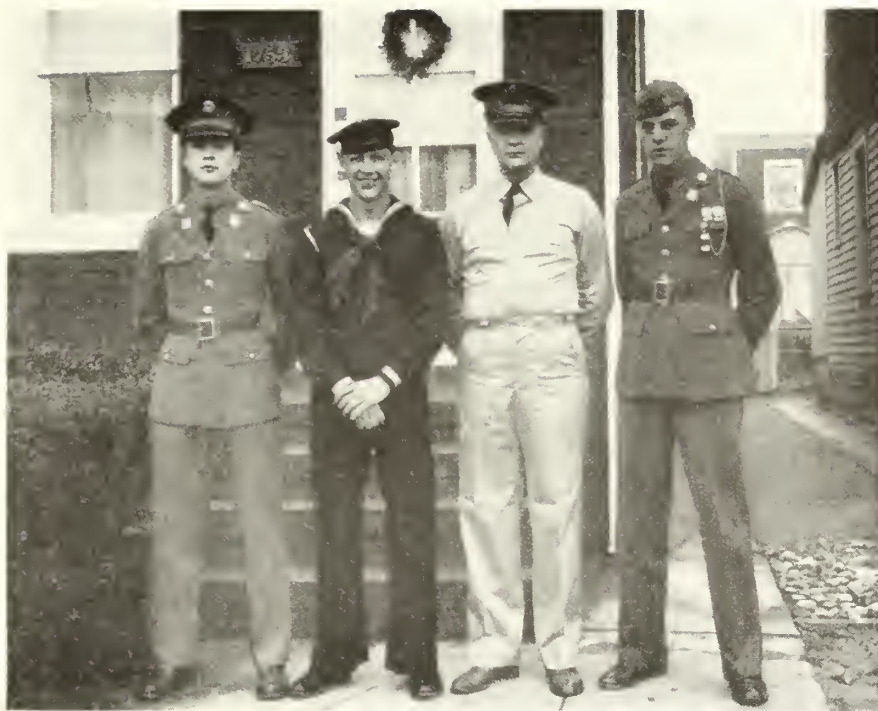
## Hospital Ward

A THREE-BED hospital ward was presented to Stanford University Hospital at San Francisco, California,

during Christmas week as a memorial to Mrs. Lillian A. Ross, a Gold Star Mother who for many years served San Francisco Auxiliary Unit No. 1 as its hospital chairman. The presentation was made as a gift from San Francisco County Council, American Legion Auxiliary, by Mrs. Beata Roberts, President. Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of the University, responded for the hospital.

The death of Mrs. Ross occurred in 1927 and, soon afterward a fund of \$800 was raised to create a suitable memorial





James F. Sauer, New York Legionnaire, and three sons are doing their turn in the new Army and Navy. Who can beat this record?

to her and to her selfless devotion to the sick and disabled war veterans within her area. The fund has been under the care of Estelle Shephard, Clytie Sweet and Aaron Chernoff, as trustees, since that time, and it was not until late 1940, when the need for a small ward for women at the Stanford Hospital was made apparent, that the memorial was decided upon. Dedicated during Christmas week, the Christmas star is inlaid in the floor, representing both the Star of Bethlehem and the blue star of the Auxiliary, bringing peace and comfort to all who seek refuge within the ward's walls.

### Training and Rating

FROM non-commissioned officers' ratings in a Legion championship Drum and Bugle Corps to similar ratings in the United States Army was an easy transition for six Taylor, Pennsylvania, young men. In less than a year's service these soldiers, who got their preliminary training in the Corps sponsored by Taylor Post under the direction of Director Kenneth Davis, have attained rank in the major services of Uncle Sam's military machine. Walter Kinel is a corporal, 84th Engineers, Fort Belvoir, Virginia; Arthur Davis, Sergeant, G. H. Q., Army War College, Washington, D. C.; Eugene Rinaldi, staff sergeant, Headquarters Company, 30th Engineers, Fort Belvoir, Virginia; Jack Davis, now assigned to M. P. duty, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, South Carolina; Jack Manley, and Edward Gondella, corporals, Engineers School, Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Two other corpsmen, Jack Reider, Fort Wadsworth, New York, and Walter Buzesko, Air Corps, serving at a field in Colorado,

are off to a good start.

The Taylor Post Drum and Bugle Corps was organized in 1935 and was four times champion of the 11th Legion District in Pennsylvania, and three times runner-up in the Department competition.

### Old Files and New

A LOT of the old files are doing a turn in the new Army. And many of them have sons who are doing one, two, three, four under the watchful eyes of drill sergeants. But the Step Keeper kinda wonders how many can equal or beat the record of Legionnaire James F. Sauer, Sr., of Phoebe Apperson Hearst Post, New York City. Comrade Sauer and three sons are in service—they had a group picture taken when the family got together for the Christmas holidays. Singles and doubles don't count; it takes three sons or better to rate a picture in this service section.

Legionnaire Sauer is a veteran of the old 69th New York, later the 165th Infantry—the "Fighting 69th"—not that one from Hollywood, but the "Fighting 69th" of Father Duffy and the Argonne. He is now a Staff Sergeant with the 69th Infantry, Home Defense, and two of the sons are carrying on with the historic old regiment. In the picture which is printed on this page, reading from left to right, are: Corporal William P. Sauer, Company D, 165th Infantry; James F. Sauer, Jr., 1st Class Seaman, U. S. S. Arkansas; James F. Sauer, Sr., 1st Sergeant, Company K, 69th Infantry, and Sergeant Donald J. Sauer, Company D, 165th Infantry.

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Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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# The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

Schools of Upshur County in West Virginia, up to the first of this year, when he resigned to become Assistant National Americanism Director. He has had a great deal of educational experience in his home State. He served during 1933-'36 as a member of the State Revision School Curriculum Committee, grades one to twelve, for building the present elementary and high school courses in West Virginia, and was a member of Governor Holt's four-man School Superintendents' Committee which advised the Legislature in the building of the Legislative School Program. He was a District Governor of Rotary International in 1931-1932, and was a delegate to the convention of Rotary in Vienna in 1931, touring the Continent while on this mission. He has been Chief Counselor of the Mountaineer Boys' State since its inception, and was founder of Student Government and Student Participation in High Schools, West Virginia, begun at Spencer High School, 1925.

**A**FTER February 17th, by order of the German Occupation Authorities, no Americans except those on official government business could remain in Occupied France. What is happening to any Americans who may have defied this order, or what is happening to American property, including Pershing Hall, is problematical. As nearly as could be estimated in mid-February there were some 150 members of the Legion with their families en route between the Spanish frontier via Lisbon and the port of Jersey City. Since none of these per-

sons was allowed to leave Occupied France with more than 200 francs (less than \$5) most of them, like those who preceded them in the last few months, arrived in the United States without funds; and nearly all of them without prospects of employment.

The Boston National Convention foresaw this situation to some extent, and voted that the problem of returning refugees should be considered as legitimately coming under the provisions of the Legion's Disaster Relief Emergency Fund. To make this aid effective, the Departments immediately concerned have named National Executive Committeeman Jeremiah F. Cross of the Department of New York, National Executive Committeeman William G. McKinley of the Department of New Jersey and Sedley Peck of the Department of France, as an Advisory Committee on the problems of refugees. At the same time by appointment of National Headquarters, John J. Cronin of New York was named as the representative of the National Organization, to administer such relief. A great deal of worthwhile work has already been done by Comrade Cronin and this committee.

Too much credit cannot be given at the same time to Quinn Post of the Department of New Jersey which has been meeting all of the refugee boats at the dock and greeting the veterans aboard with distribution of cigarettes and candy and local hospitality, such as dances, theater parties and dinners. Service Officer John Quill, Harold Kelly, Assistant Service Officer, and Commissioner Ezra Nolan have headed this group from Quinn Post.

THE EDITORS

## HIS OWN KIND

(Continued from page 11)

side, always in front of him, always behind him; eating out of the same mess tin with him, drinking out of the same water bottle with him, sleeping in the same blanket with him, enveloped in the hay and straw of every farm-yard in Flanders, wallowing in the slush and puddles and mire of every barn-yard in Belgium, lying flat in every rat-hole-like aperture in France.

Khaki and mud; mud and khaki. Yes, it had been his life, it seemed now, ever since he could remember! Now he was leaving it behind him across the Channel—for ten days!

London swarmed with khaki. Victoria station was jammed with it; Trafalgar Square rang with it; the Strand was sinuous with it; his hotel, "The Golden Cross" of Dickens' day, gleamed with it, and the "Beaver" and "Eagle" huts of the Y.M.C.A. of the Strand, where

he went by instinct before registering at the Golden Cross, was a solid mass of it. . . . He exulted in the white linen, glorying in the thin glistening glasses and staring at the sparkling silver.

And he planned his trip to Oxford:—that Other World where he would be, once more, entirely among his own kind.

He would combine with his trip to Oxford a visit to Stratford-on-Avon. The Shakespearean tradition: it was another contact to be reestablished.

He could not leave London quick enough—London: swarming with the khaki figures; teeming with khaki life, khaki ways, khaki spirit; London: resounding with khaki tread; throbbing with khaki activity.

He fled London—and khaki.

**O**XFORD was quiet. And when he alighted from the smooth English train and stepped onto the long, low



railway station platform he saw no sign of a soldier.

Five minutes after the train had gone, he was all by himself—a lone figure, standing there by the empty tracks, listening to the silence all about him.

He began to walk about the town, his hobnail boots sounding strangely loud. In all of Oxford he did not see a single uniform. He had never seen, it seemed to him, in his life before, so many civilians. The streets of the University town, the shops, the sidewalks of the campus, were filled with clean-cut, trim figures in black and white.

The students puzzled him. He soon began to pick them out, to watch them, to envy them. He warmed to them; but something held him aloof. He longed to accost them, to talk to them, to tell them that he was one of them, that he was one of their kind.

But the students passed by without speaking to him. And something within him still made him hold himself aloof.

He would stop and turn around and stare after them—these passing students—eyeing them strangely until they had crossed the campus and had passed through the arched entrance to their hall or the grated gateway to their college yard.

He decided to go into the nearest college lecture building, wherein also was the college commons and dining hall, unasked. In Flanders, men went into places unasked . . . and were always welcome.

He crossed the silent campus alone and reached an inviting-looking doorway. He was about to enter when to his surprise, a liveried attendant stopped him. The man was apologetic but insistent.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but there is a charge of thr'pence."

Something turned cold in the soldier's heart.

He mumbled a few words that stuck in his throat and fumbled in his tunic pocket for money. He stifled a sudden, sharp desire to leave the lecture hall.

He gave the attendant a shilling, the small coin feeling cold and brittle to the tip of his fingers. He entered the corridor, and the door clanged shut behind him. He could hear the man hovering behind him.

He walked slowly through the building, his thick army boots on the flagging echoing loudly through the empty corridors. The building seemed very cold.

Something had gone from him . . . with the shilling.

"It's all right, of course," he kept saying to himself, "about that three-pence; there must be so many soldiers wanting to see Oxford. But—" He could not get it out of his mind. They had charged him.

He heard the attendant close behind him again.

"Would you like to see the large fire-

place, sir?" the man asked. "It is in the dining hall. It is quite famous, you know, sir. It is so big."

He followed the man up a broad stairway. The hall was getting colder every moment; and it seemed utterly deserted.

The attendant stopped at a wide, opened door and pointed in. "The Commons, sir!" he said.

They stared in together. The great room was empty. The tables were bare, the chairs very straight and stiff and still.

The soldier looked for the fire-place of which he had heard so much. He located it, but there was no life in it, no spark, no flame. In it he saw the largest lump of coal he had ever set eyes on—but there was no fire.

He was glad to leave the building and to wander again in the quiet of the campus, and along the college walks among the halls.

On certain massive columns notices were posted, announcing rowing events, football practices, match games, and other student activities.

Students kept passing him without speaking. He no longer expected them to speak. He began to eye them coldly.

HE WONDERED when trains left for Stratford-on-Avon. The afternoon was deepening over the Oxford campus. He wondered what kind of town or place Stratford-on-Avon was. . . . if there were a good inn there where he could sleep that night. He had abandoned the idea of spending the night in Oxford; the thought chilled him.

He wondered what he would see in Stratford . . . whom he would meet. He realized, now, rather sharply, that he had not spoken to a person nor had anyone spoken to him since he had arrived in Oxford—save the paid attendant. He wondered if Stratford would be more friendly.

He walked over to Trinity College, absurdly expecting that, because his college in America had been Trinity, in Connecticut, the Trinity College men of Oxford would guess it and welcome him in.

The grated gateway to the Trinity College yard was shut tight.

He stood outside it and looked in. Something still held him back. He could not push himself to reach out to open the doorway and let himself in.

Three students, then two, then one alone, came out of a hall nearby and approached him. The first two groups passed him, opened the gate, and went into the yard, without speaking to him, clicking the gate shut behind them. The last student brushed his tunic as he walked by him and courteously begged his pardon. Then he, too, opened the gate, passed in, shut the gate, and left the soldier standing there, outside.

(Continued on page 64)

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City..... State.....



# HIS OWN KIND

(Continued from page 63)

The campus was deserted now, save for him.

Suddenly, somewhere off in the distance in the quiet of the English countryside beyond Oxford, a train whistled, faintly, mournfully. Then a clock from one of the massive towers above him tolled coldly. Five o'clock.

With the dying of the last deep tones of the great bell silence settled over Oxford; and there came to him the pain of a great loneliness.

He turned away from the gates of the college, turned his back upon the massive cold halls, and slowly began to walk toward the direction whence he had heard the wail of the railway train.

He sought the station at which he had alighted a few hours before.

He learned at the station that there was a train to Stratford due in and out within fifteen minutes.

He began to pace up and down the platform, waiting restlessly for it, and wondering . . . what had come over him. He felt queer. He had not belonged in Oxford.

No one else was on the platform and he was relieved at that. He had seemed so out of place among the people of the town; on the sidewalks, in the shops . . . on the campus, among the students. His khaki had seemed so strange among the civilian dress.

Far down the track a train whistled, blithely . . . faintly.

Again he wondered what kind of place or town Shakespeare's shrine was in. Again he wondered who would be there, whom he would see. Would they be his kind? Would they understand his language? Would they be . . . college men?

Then there suddenly caught his eye low over the horizon far down the tracks a successive series of black smoke juts.

He thought: "The Stratford train must be ahead of time!"

But no—! That would come from a different direction. The guard had told him it was a little train, winding across country.

This train was coming from London! It was on the main track: a big train, a long train . . . !

Here it was! On top of him! Slowing down! What a whistling of brakes! What a grinding of wheels! What a scream of steam! What a ponderous, thunderous arrival! What a cheery, boisterous arrival! What a sudden stop! Squarely in front of him! What a train! But—!

What was this cheering? What was this singing? What was this shouting, this chaffing, this laughter? What meant these blurred windows, jammed with heads, with eyes, with mouths, with

ears, with ruffled hair, with eager, peering faces?

What were these burly forms on the running boards of the railway carriages, these stalwart figures waiting to hop off? These eager bodies swinging water bottles, mess tins, tin cups? What was this mass of . . . khaki! This wildly laughing, jesting, jostling, roaring, singing blur of khaki!

Ho! Ho! A troop train! From France, via some Channel port, straight through Oxford, on up through the countryside to their own waiting homes! A troop train of North of England soldiers all on a ten-day Leave! Ho! Ho!

The train stopped. But even before the train stopped, it seemed, they were upon him; a swirling, gurgling, gleeful trainful of burly khaki figures, shouting greetings to him, showering cheap cigarettes upon him, bearing him along with them, stampeding him among them as they rushed hilariously to fill their canteens and their mates' canteens with water from the railway station faucets.

Suddenly his heart gave a great leap; and the blood in his body, which had been cold all day, flashed into warmth again, and he tingled! His face, which had been growing sterner and more set all afternoon in Oxford, relaxed; and he found himself laughing and jesting and pushing and shouting with the rest!

Suddenly a shrill whistle pierced the platform air. Then another, and another. At the sharp blasts, the mass of khaki whirled about, broke, and with another great whooping and hurraing the soldiers rushed back toward the train, scrambling, leaping, climbing, clawing into every aperture, most of them dis-

appearing feet last hauled in by their comrades, but reappearing at every window, every door, every opening where an inch or two of eyesight was available. A sea of jubilant faces, a trainload of interlocked arms and legs and shoulders, a joyous chorus of song and laughter, a final rattling of wheels and cheers . . . and the troop train was gone.

He stood there on the Oxford platform, staring after it.

A shudder shot through him. He was alone.

Then he heard a new, loud, rushing sound, a ringing of bells, a confusion of whistles . . . and looking up he saw that two new trains had arrived and were panting there on the tracks beside the station platform. One was a big train.

He remembered, now, that as he had watched the troop train disappearing up the track, he had seen this other train—the big one—rushing toward him.

Now he walked toward it; and was about to enter one of its compartments.

He heard crisp footsteps behind him coming across the platform and felt a touch on his shoulder. He wheeled about.

It was the railway guard of whom he had earlier inquired about the train to Stratford-on-Avon.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the guard, "but the Stratford train is over on the other track. This is the train for London!"

The figure in khaki looked steadily into the guard's eyes for a fraction of a minute without speaking. Then he said:

"Thanks. I know it. That's why I'm taking it!"

The guard raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"But where are you going, sir?" he asked.

"I'm going back," said the soldier, "to London . . . to the Strand . . . to my own kind."



"Back home the girls used to say if I could only cook."



Calvin Merrick, yachtsman,  
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TEN HIGH is all whiskey—so straight  
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